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FACSIMILE
OF THE
Illustrated Arctic News,

PUBLISHED ON BOARD

H.M.S. RESOLUTE: CAPTN. HORATIO T. AUSTIN, C.B.

IN SEARCH OF THE EXPEDITION

UNDER

Sir John Franklin.

Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

Dedicated by Special Permission

TO THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE ADMIRALTY,

BY THEIR LORDSHIPS VERY OBEDIENT SERVANTS,

LIEUT: SHERARD OSBORNE, & MR. GEO: F. MC. DOUGALL,

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The Editors.

LONDON. PUBLISHED BY ACKERMANN & Co 96. STRAND,

15th MARCH, 1852.

By Appointment

TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT,

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT & THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Cyriac
G
662
IA
1852

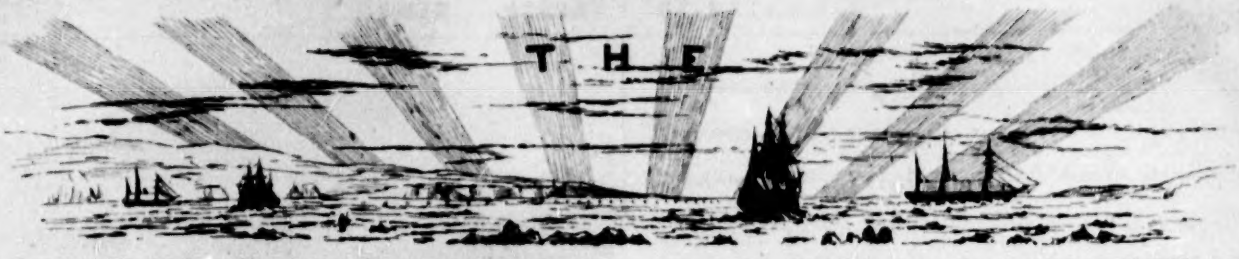
Preface.

A Polar public having smiled upon us during the long night of an Arctic Winter, we fear not the frowns of the Temperate Zone, yet being of a peaceable disposition, would deprecate wrath, or jealousy on the part of the Titans of the Southern Press, who may fear our entering the field as competitors in these Regions, by assuring them, that unless Old England be overtaken by a night of three months duration, it is not our intention to appear again in the Editorial line.

Where merit cannot be pleaded, novelty, as in Bloomerism, may avail, we sincerely hope it will, for the sake of the kind and liberal Publishers, Messrs. Ackermann.

A few articles have been omitted, for fear the bad taste of a long-shore Public, might lead them to object, on the score of raciness, for this we apologize to our gallant contributors, and we now, in the spirit of our motto, commit the Illustrated Arctic News, "safely and fearlessly" to the British Public.

The Editors.



ILLUSTRATED ARCTIC NEWS.

Nº 1. "TUTO ET SINE METU." OCTOBER 31. 1850.

YES! *The Illustrated Arctic News!* Shake thy head as thou wilt good friend – such we intend to be the name of our publication – an aspiring one, no doubt; yet, 'he that lacketh ambition lacketh all' – and provided our motive be good, what care we for the result. –

'Thy object friend?' demands Matter of Fact – Amusement, good dame, is our reply – We seek to attain no more than we profess – to relieve the monotony of sunless days – to show to all, that fun & good fellowship, may exist by Purser's Moon-light that Romance can survive the dense atmosphere of 'twenty four' to the pound – that in the desolation of land & Ice around us, the gentle lily Wisdom can still be culled – either in the contemplation of the ruins of an old World, or in the strange, ever changing phenomena of Nature, by which we are surrounded; – and lastly, to keep alive in all our hearts, those sweet recollections 'tender and true' which bind us to our Homes, our Country, and our Friends. –

And come what will, we shall not travail in vain, if Mirth should be lured to spend a winter on the floe, or that grovelling fellow Care, be banished from our Arctic Circle.

WE gladly avail ourselves of the kindness of an anonymous correspondent who has forwarded us copies of a series of letters, written by himself to his Friends, – and to a fair creature, who is, as he assures us 'all soul'.

We presume, our friend has the young lady's heart in safe keeping.

LETTER Nº 1.

My Dear Father,

We are about to sail for the shores of Lancaster Sound, and to turn our backs on the civilized World for some years; – Already has our escape from Shipwreck & destruction been almost miraculous! – Imagine three Ice-bergs, as big as St Pauls! tilting at each other, and we in our poor Vessels! – Two Captain's Coxswains, & three Quarter Masters, became grey headed men that terrible night! & me it made a wiser, & I trust, a better man – recalling to my recollection the fact that a small Bill, about £3, is still owing to Looney in Regent Street, for some Cigars, (you remember I told you the Commodore insisted on our smoking) for which Bamble will send you the amount, about Christmas day.

The Officer of my Watch is delighted

we profess – to relieve the monotony of sunless days – to show to all, that fun & good fellowship, may exist by Pursers Moonlight – that Romance can survive the dense atmosphere of twenty four to the pound – that in the desolation of land & Ice around us, the gentle lily Wisdom can still be culled – either in the contemplation of the ruins of an old World, or in the strange & ever changing phenomena of Nature by which we are surrounded; – and lastly to keep alive in all our hearts, those sweet recollections tender and brave which bind us to our Homes, our Country, and our Friends. –

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In conclusion, we have only to add, that as the success of the 'Illustrated Arctic News' must necessarily depend on the voluntary contributions of our readers, we trust that for want of support, it will not become

Stationary

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The Officer of my Watch is delighted with my zeal & activity, and appears to enjoy my company, and Cigars – I think the Captain regrets he cannot at once promote me; and I'm firmly resolved that the name of _____, shall become memorable in the annals of the Arctic Ocean

The Gold Repeater you so kindly gave me, I, on second thoughts could not think of bringing with me – Footman, who keeps the "Barque" at Woolwich, presented me with a small account, at a moment the safety of the ship, required me not to leave the deck, & I therefore gave him the Watch to keep until you called and settled his demand – The "Brandies" were for the Policemen, whom we were obliged to conciliate, and they drink horribly.

To work is my sole delight, and being on double pay, I feel called on for double exertion. – I sometimes however accompany a few friends on a shooting excursion, in order to study & obtain specimens of Natural History. –

By the bye, the Bill for £12, drawn at the Orkneys, was expended in Oil & candles, to enable me to read upon various important subjects during the Winter months. –

I am grieved to say, that civilization has made but little progress, among the benighted inhabitants of these regions, Alas! their minds are as barren as the hills which now surround us.

I had almost forgotten to inform you, that the Landlady of the "Ship & Tower" and Mrs Ethelred, from whom my frugal supper of Potatoes & Oysters was nightly obtained, refused to receive payment until Michaelmas, & in my absence will you oblige me by letting your Agent square the tally?

Every blessing attend you, if I fall, remember it is in a good cause.

* * * * *

P.S. – Kilbee and Rails, the wretches, never sent their Accounts in, I do not wish them to execrate my memory.

SEAMENS GRAVES – BEECHEY ISLAND.

A lonely hour spent beside the Tombs on Beechy Island, recalled to our recollection the many lands, in which we had met similar traces of our Countrymen's wanderings – Alas! in this case the associations were indeed sad, and melancholy; for those simple head boards, are the sole records left of the sojourn & departure of those we seek – and in this scene they but mark the first stage of the perilous voyage of the missing Explorers towards renown.

The day we chose for our visit, was dark, and gloomy; – with sudden gusts of wind sweeping over land & ice, hiding every distant object from our view in snow drift – and as we surmounted the point of land, and lost sight of our Vessels, all was as dreary and lonely, as the most saddened heart could wish.

Before us lay the Bay, on whose lone bosom Franklin's Squadron once had rode – here was the site of the ruined observatory, where science had laboured with honest zeal, and ambition, there, the deserted mound, on which once had stood the workshop, alive with life, and racy joke – whilst the little Garden at our feet, long since fallen to decay, evinced, that even the poor shivering Flora of the North had had her votaries in that Galliant Compagnie. It was farther down the slope that the three dark beacons

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P.S. — Kilbee and Rails, the wretches, never sent their Accounts in, I do not wish them to execrate my memory.

The Bergs are breaking in all directions, 'Hands save Ship!!' — Good Bye —

STATE OF THE WEATHER.

The weather for the last few days has been remarkably mild and dry. We are happy to say our Cherots are in the same condition.

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Yet apart from regret, for the

departed, and anxiety for the missing, there was nothing unusually terrible in such a last resting place from the fevered labours of this life — here at any rate, the cairn, which marks one's resting place, stands a monument of human enterprise! of British perseverance! —

What the Carved stone of the Scandanavian Viking is to the modern antiquary — so shall in future ages be, the humble Tombstone of the English Seaman — proofs in both alike of hardihood, & energy.

The following particulars were copied from the head boards of the graves on Beechey Island

Sacred
to the
Memory of
John Hartnell
A B of H.M.S.
Erebus.
died Jan 4th 1846
aged 25 years
Haggai C.1. V.7.
'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts'
'Consider your ways'

Sacred
to the
Memory of
H. Braine R.M.
H.M.S. Erebus
died April 3rd 46.
32 years

'Choose you this day, whom ye will serve'
Joshua C.24. part of 15th verse

Sacred
to
the memory of
John Torrington,
who departed
this
life, January 1st
A.D. 1846.
on board of
H.M.S. Terror,
aged 22 years

UNION BAY — BEECHEY ISLAND.

G.F.M.D.

SONGS OF THE NORTH.

Dedicated to Mr Austin

By the Authors

No. 1. The Travellers Evening Song

Air. — 'As slow our Ship'

When last we saw our Shipmates kind,
And heard their farewell greeting,
Though loath to leave them all behind,
We hope a joyful meeting;
And trust to see our Ship once more,
That on the Ocean bore us;
And cheer the Friends, who now deplore
The fate of those before us

When of the joys of home we think,
One lovely face comes cheering,
A sweet voice whispers, do not shrink!
The absent you are nearing!
With hope renewed, then on we go,
England must not blush for us!
And with fresh vigour we ~~pass the floe~~
In search of those before us

G. F. Mc D.

UNION BAY — BEECHEY ISLAND.

SONGS OF THE NORTH.

Dedicated to Mr Austin,

By the Author.

No 1. — The Traveller's Evening Song,

Air. — As down our Ship

When last we saw our Shipmates kind,
And heard their farewell greeting,
Though loath to leave them all behind,
We hope a joyful meeting;
And trust to see our Ship once more,
That o'er the Ocean bore us;
And cheer the Friends, who now deplore,
The fate of those before us.

When of the joys of home we think,
One lovely face comes cheering,
A sweet voice whispers, do not shrink!
The absent you are nearing!
With hope renewed, then on we go,
England must not blush for us!
And with fresh vigour cross the floe,
In search of those before us

And whilst this dreary waste we roam,
May conscience oft remind us,
What rapture will be felt at home,
By those we've left behind us,
If with success our hopes are crown'd,
And fortune should restore us,
To Britain's shore, with those we've found,
Our Comrades gone before us.

G. F. Mc D.

C. F. Mc D.

DEPARTURE OF THE TRAVELLING PARTIES.

Editors Portfolio,

N the morning of the 2nd Inst. Lieut. Aldrich, with six men, and one Sledge, left for Somerville Island, with a view to form a depôt towards Cape Walker — Lieut. McClintock & Dr. Bradford, with twelve men & four Sledges, started at the same time, in order to deposit provisions, as far as possible on the line of route to Melville Island —

Mr. Cheyne with 1 Sledge, & six men, as a fatigue party, accompanied the above Officers to assist in drawing the Sledges a days journey —

Lieut. Mecham & Mr. Ede, with a lightly equipped party, finishes the Examination of the South Coast of Cornwallis Isld. between Capes Hotham & Martyr.

Heartily did we give them a Sailors God Speed! in Cheers as in the highest possible spirits they commenced their laborious march

---

We gladly insert the following extracts, from a Skelton journal, kept by an Officer during his absence with [illegible]

return the Compliment.

6 P.M. — Struck Tent, and a light, commenced smoking — Baccy spoilt by Boreas — Took Tea, and turned in, thought of the time when I revelled in Tea, Toast, Tarts, & Testament, or Sherry, Scandal, Songs, & Sentiment. Took to the bottle & bag — Slept & Snored as usual; although Cold & Comfortless — Ther. 10°

11 P.M. — Dreaming of Dolly — Water made in — we made off — thought of Childhood's Copyslip, referring to "Time & Tide." —

Oct. 3rd — Awoke, horribly hot — Ther. 17° Cocoa and Conversation — Had a Slide and smoke — Noon, dined — digested ditto by dragging.

The M.S.S. here ceases in consequence of the Ink having become solid, an evil which might have been remedied, had not the pencils been already used for fuel —

Cape Walker — Lieut. M'Clintock & Dr. Bradford, with twelve men & four Sledges, started at the same time, in order to deposit provisions, as far as possible on the line of route to Melville Island. —

Mr. Cheyne with 1 Sledge, & six men, as a fatigue party, accompanied the above Officers to assist in drawing the Sledges a day's journey —

Lieut.t Mecham & Mr. Ede, with a lightly equipped party, finishes the Examination of the South Coast of Cornwallis Isl.d between Capes Hotham & Martyr.

Heartily did we give them a Sailors' God Speed! in Cheers as in the highest possible spirits, they commenced their laborious march.

We gladly insert the following extracts, from a Skeleton journal, kept by an Officer during his absence with one of the late Travelling parties. —

Oct.r 2.nd — 7 AM — Having stowed Sledges with pemmican, pork, and pipes, Belly with Tea and Tommy — left the Ship, — Crew Cheered — Too full — feelings I mean — to when I revelled in Sea, Toast, Tarts, & Testament, or Sherry, Scandal, Songs, & Sentiment. Took to the bottle & bag — Slept & Snored as usual; although Cold & Comfortless — Ther.r 10°

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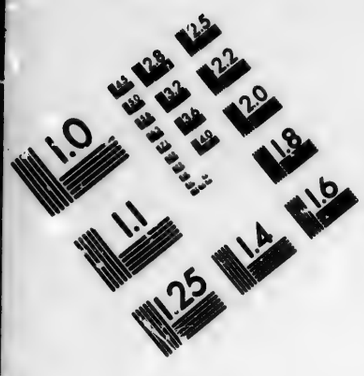
CONSOLATION TO A CAPTIVE FOX.

Poor Reynard like thy reputation,
Thy life is now not worth a fig —
Thou art collar'd at their neat Collation;
They'll serve thee like a collar'd Pig. —



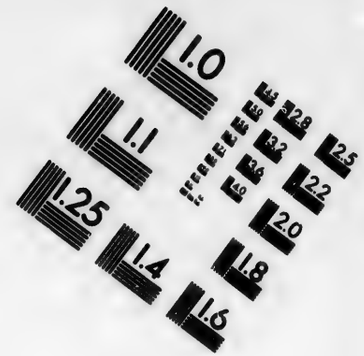


IMAGE EVALUATION
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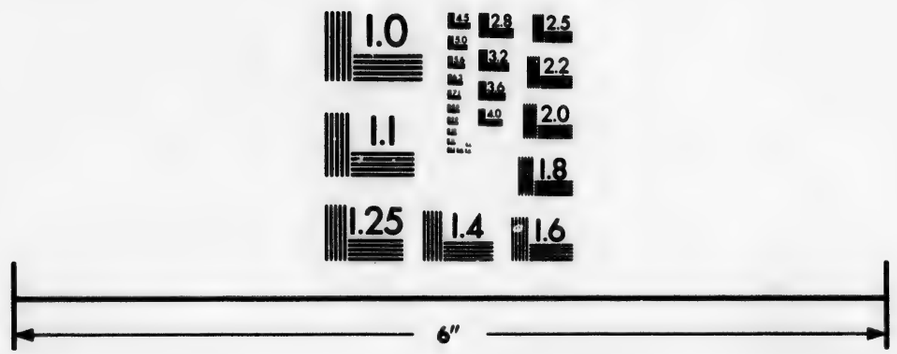

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ARCTIC THEATRICALS.

THE Intrepid Royal Saloon was on Thursday honored with the presence of the principal personages in these realms.

The performances consisted of a series of songs, sung by accomplished Vocalists, and a pathetic recitation or two, so admirably delivered, as to cause all the handkerchiefs to be put in requisition, that had not previously been stolen by some loose characters at the door, who had succeeded in gaining admittance, notwithstanding the vigilance of our active police force. All the arrangements were admirably carried out, and the company separated at a late hour, highly gratified with their evenings amusement. We hope the good example thus shown, will be followed by the other Ships of the Arctic Squadron, and although a 'floe' exists between us, we shall always be happy to contribute our mite towards forwarding such a desirable object.

G.F.M.D

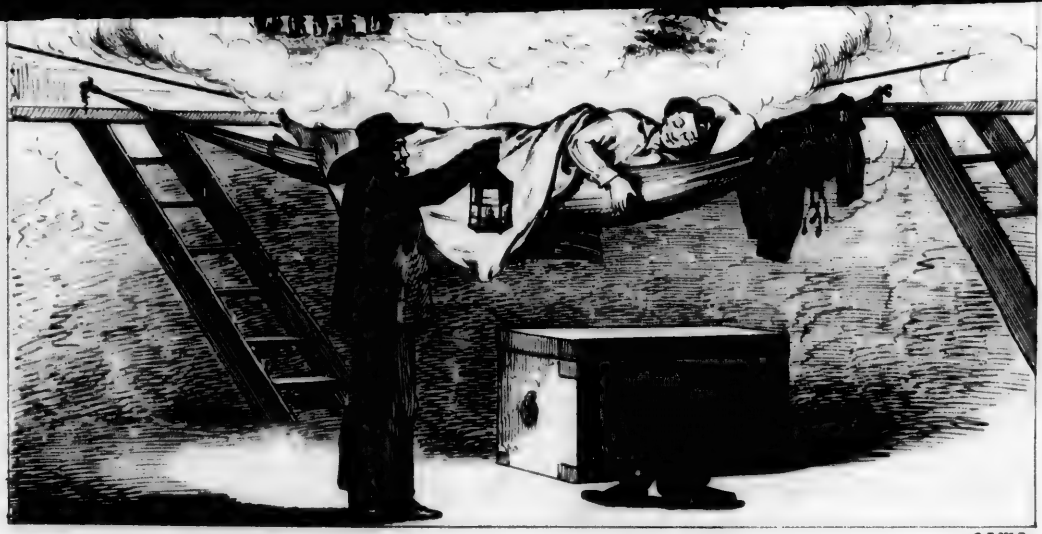
THE DREAM — MIDNIGHT — MIDDLE WATCH.
Quarter Master — 'Hs 12 o'clock Sir' — blowing hard and snoring heavily

LITERATURE.

The Arctic Periodicals;—

We have perused with great interest the three numbers of a charming periodical; 'The Aurora Borealis' conducted by the Officers of Assistance & Intrepid.— We cannot speak too highly of its contents, which are at once amusing & instructive regions, so our cotemporary, with its brilliant coruscations of wit and pointed pencillings, will enliven the dull solitude of our winter, and under its benign influence dispel dark despondency from our minds.

LAURA CLAUCUS, LEAVES THE "RESOLUTE" AND



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Like its great namesake, which during the dark rigours of an Arctic Winter,— illumines with lustrous rays of light, the dreary waste of these inhospitable regions, so our cotemporary, with its brilliant corruscations of wit and pointed pencillings, will enliven the dull solitude of our winter, and under its benign influence dispel dark despondency from our minds

LAURA CLAUCUS, LEAVES THE "RESOLUTE" AND DIES ON BOARD THE "ASSISTANCE."

Laura Claucus why didst roam
And die midst strangers at a distance
Hadst thy not remain at home
And earn thy bread without Assistance

PARODY ON THE LEGACY.

When in a Tent, on my back I recline,
I sigh, and with hunger exclaim Oh dear!
I'm obliged to forgo both beer, and wine,
And luxuries all, whilst I linger here;-
When hungry, and cold, alas! to my sorrow,
I cannot forget our soft tack so light,
And to soothe my feelings, I'm forced to borrow,
And drink in advance, my Rum for the night.

When the light supper and song are o'er,
I sleep, and then dream of my Father's hall,
But hang it, the snow comes in at the door,
And the outside man, won't answer my call;-
Then if some Bear, that roams forsaken,
Should our pemmican smell in passing along,
I have only to bawl out 'a Bruin' to waken,
All hands, who frighten him off with a song.

When at Morn I awake, and with tin pot o'erflowing
With Cocoa- My fast I break with the rest,
Contented I feel- not a sad thought bestowing,
On privation or care- but think myself blest;-
For the Cup of pure joy- I have as a lover,
Seen filled by my maid, almost to the brim,
And whilst I am absent, young Cupid will hover,
Around me, whilst I prove constant to him.

C. I. McD

CAPTN. PENNY'S EXPEDITION.

THE arrival and departure of Captain Penny has been another break in the monotony of the past month. Our gallant coadjutor arrived on Thursday the 17th inst. in his Carriage and eight from his winter quarters — a Franklin, and Sophia, were in good health and high spirits, and that the veteran Arctic Navigator Sir John Ross, as well as his gallant comrade Captain Phillips, looked forward as cheerfully as the youngest of us to a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

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He looked as well as his best friend could desire, and brought the gratifying intelligence that the Officers and Crews of the Brigs 'Lady Franklin', and 'Sophia', were in good health and high spirits, and that the veteran Arctic Navigator – Sir John Ross, as well as his gallant comrade Captain Phillips, looked forward as cheerfully as the youngest of us to a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year.

STRAY SHOTS.

Our great Guns, ought to pay a tribute,
Unless they sporting news contribute—
Relate discreetly, what befel
The ducks and drakes at seven's bell,—
Inform us, what the size of shot
They used when killing for the pot—
Whether an old bird chanced to know,
Men white with Sheets, from heaps of snow
And if the subterfuge succeeded;
Or failed, as on the same night, we did—
Why Mantons did not kill as well
As those Guns, other makers sell—
Why at the first discharge there burst
A Jipping, that seem'd sound at first,
Why dovekies do refuse to die—
When struck so hard they cannot fly,
When seemingly they're not alive
They quietly cock tail, and dive,
Or, if the little duck or puffin
Repay the trouble of a stuffin (g)
The hour of day, divers best see,
Their double barrelled enemy—
Your Ammunition pray display,
And teach the novices the way
To scatter shot in right direction,
Piercing the feathery protection—
That filled the oldest with surprise,
Ay! made them doubt their well tried eyes.
Thus like your lead, you'll scatter round,
Knowledge by long experience found—
Your Artists then at any rate,
The 'Arctic News' will illustrate
And as sage Punch can not here roam,
Supply his place 'till we reach home.

C. E.

ESQUIMAUX CANOES.
AT THE WHALE FISH ISLANDS.

Shortly after anchoring we were surrounded by Esquimaux in their Canoes, which are well worthy of notice, being proofs of the ingenuity & workmanship of the builders.

They are composed of a light frame work of wood (imported from Den-mark) over which Seal skins are sown. Over this is drawn the Deer Skin frock of the setter, so that the Boat fitted in this manner is quite water tight.

The implements used for fishing, consist of Spears, and Knives—the former are tipped with bone, and are thrown in a very dexterous manner by an experienced hand.

The one used for Seals, is somewhat larger than the others, a small line is fastened to it and

to those Guns, other makers sell—
Why at the first discharge there burst
A Tipping, that seem'd sound at first,
Why doveties do refuse to die—
When struck so hard they cannot fly,
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They are composed of a light frame work of wood (imported from Denmark) over which Seal skins are sown, rendering the Boat light & buoyant, and quite impervious to water.

A hole large enough to admit a man's body is left in the centre of the Canoe— around it is placed a combing of wood, about 2 inches in height— Over this is drawn the Deer Skin frock of the setter, so that the Boat fitted in this manner is quite water tight.

The implements used for fishing, consist of Spears, and Knives— the former are tipped with bone, and are thrown in a very dexterous manner by an experienced hand.

The one used for Seals, is somewhat larger than the others, a small line is fastened to it and then coiled on a kind of skeleton drum, (one of the pictures of the Canoe) the other end is attached to an inflated Seal skin, which serves to indicate the position of the Seal, which always dives on being wounded.—

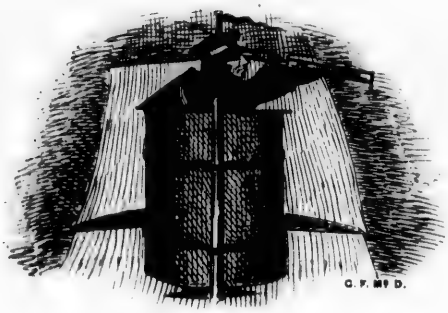
C. F. M. D

REMEMBRANCE.

In the wastes of the North, if ev'r thou shouldst roam,
And thy pathway with snow be enwreathed –
Should the song, and the strain, thou hast once heard at home,
By the lips of thy messmate be breathed –
It will come o'er thy ear like a dream of delight,
Of the scenes of thy youth will remind thee,
Twill brighten thy thoughts, and its echo will light,
The darkness, and shadows round thee.

For remembrance is like to the Seasons that roll,
And run their appointed time –
For Summer departs, – but paints on the scroll,
The return of pure joys left behind;
Thus memory will last mid the storm and the blast,
And cheer the wanderer's way
To his home, he will turn, to think of the past,
And dream of a future day. –

J.P.C.



"THERE'S A SWEET LITTLE CHERUB THAT SITS UP ALOFT."

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Griffith's Island,
Oct.r 30th 1850

H.M. Ships, Resolute, Assistance, Pioneer,
& Intrepid bound westward, accompanied by

FATAL ACCIDENT.

ON Monday last Benjamin Balloon, literally inflated himself from a Cask containing Hydro-Gin – he became light headed in consequence, and falling into a current of air soon disappeared from the sight of the astonished spectators.

He is supposed to have on his person, papers to a great amount. – Active steps will be taken for their recovery, they being for the most part, Drafts at sight, on the firm of Mess.rs Cask and Case, of Cape Hotham, and Leopold Island.

To his home, he will turn, to think of the past,
And dream of a future day. —

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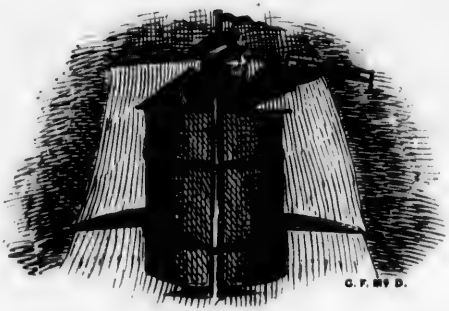

"THERE'S A SWEET LITTLE CHERUB THAT SITS UP ALOFT."

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Griffith's Island,
Octr. 30th 1850.

H.M. Ships, Resolute, Assistance, Pioneer, & Intrepid, bound westward, admitted to pratique by the authorities, having brought clean bills of health from Greenhithe. They intend wintering under the island.

Homeward bound Fleet not yet hove in sight.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

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He is supposed to have on his person, papers to a great amount. — Active steps will be taken for their recovery, they being for the most part, Drafts at sight, on the firm of Messrs. Cask and Case, of Cape Hotham, and Leopold Island —

OH! — RELEASE ME — OH! RELEASE ME — OR BY HYDRO
YES WITH HYDRO-GIN YOU'LL MAKE ME BURST.

OUR PROSPECTS.

THE Arctic Winter is fast throwing its mantle over us — the departing Sun, the falling Thermometer, and the decreasing light with the sombre aspect of the Sky, and all around, betoken that the gloomy & rigid season is at hand. How do we meet it? Thank God! in good health and Spirits.

We feel that the glorious cause in which we are engaged, has received our undivided energies & abilities, — that we have made every possible search, and advanced as far as the state of the season permitted.

Our labors have been in some measure crowned with success. We have found positive traces, & although from the circumstance of no record having been left by our missing Countrymen to mark their track, we are still at fault; yet we look forward with bright hope to the future, & trust that the operations of the Spring if they do not lead us to their relief will at least enable us to ascertain their fate.

Our present object is to pass the dismal time before us, as pleasantly as possible, & seeing how entirely we depend on each other for amusement to wile away the weary hours, it behoves us all to contribute what we can to the common weal, and by social intercourse, avert that depression of spirits we should otherwise feel. Let us also embrace every opportunity [illegible] the worse, either physically or mentally.

Although far removed from the society of families, and friends, we are often, absent with them in thought, at the sweet Village Church, family Table or participating in the amusement of the domestic Circle, and as

'Anticipation forward points the view'

We delight in the prospect of happier days to come, when we shall again in reality enjoy the blessings of domestic intercourse around the hearths of those we love best.

Hope (J. L.)

STATE OF THE SUN.

IT is our sad & painful duty to announce to our Readers, the increasing infirmities of the Arctic Sun. His state for some days past has been so low as to render him incapable of reaching the summit of Griffiths Island, and the time devoted to daily exercise is gradually diminishing. There are some who are of opinion that he cannot linger beyond the second week of the ensuing month.

Alas! we remember him a short time since, the light of the Season, the brightest luminary of the Arctic world, the observed of all observers, and his endurance so great, as to be able to dispense with rest for months.

Although we do not claim [illegible] we [illegible]

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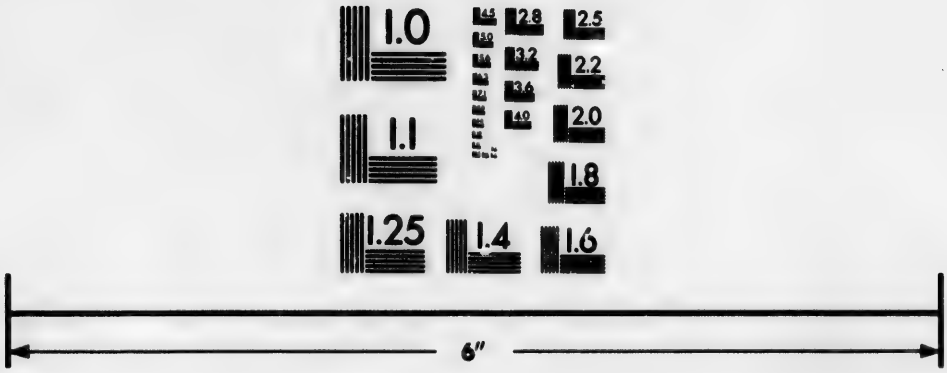
Although we do not claim the gift of prophecy, we foretold his fall but were among those who sincerely regretted it. Even after it became apparent that he was sinking rapidly, he for some time obstinately refused to try the effects of sea bathing

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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There are those who despair of his recovery in consequence of his increasing declination. We however his professional attendants think differently, being in our own minds confident his declination is decreasing; and on that we found our hopes, that with returning Spring, he will again be restored to us, and we trust that all our Readers will live to enjoy in health and happiness the enlivening influence of his delightful presence.

G. F. McD.

THE ARCTIC DRAMA ADVERTISEMENT.

The Manager & Company of the Royal Arctic Theatre, beg to announce their intention of commencing their performances on board H.M.S. "Assistance" on Saturday the 9th Nov. 1850, in honor of the anniversary of the birth of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales — On which occasion the Captain and Officers will perform the Farce of "Married Life" or "Did you ever send your wife to Camberwell?"

The Entertainment will conclude with the Farce of the "Lottery Ticket" to be performed by the Ship's Company.

The Manager trusts that the attention which has been bestowed on the magnificent Scenery, Decorations, & Dresses, will be fully rewarded by the approbation of his numerous patrons, & an Arctic Public.

He also takes this opportunity of returning his best thanks to that eminent Artist, Lieut. Browne for his valuable contributions to the Scenery.

SHAKINGS.

A good Rencer must be a Resolute man

Opening of the
Royal Arctic Theatre.

H.M.S. ASSISTANCE,

In honor of the birthday of H.R.H.
the Prince of Wales.

Manager.—Capt. Ommanney.

Under the patronage of Capt. Hon. Austin, C.B.

On Saturday the 9th Nov. 1850,
will be performed by the Captain & Officers,
the popular laughable Farce of

MARRIED LIFE!

OR

DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?

After which several Comic Songs, and the Orchestra will perform some of the most select Recas!

The whole to conclude with the much admired Farce of

THE

LOTTERY TICKET!

Which will be performed by the Ship's Company, and embraces scenes of great interest!!

The Scenery has been prepared by the most eminent artists, and together with the Dresses are on a scale of unrivalled magnificence!

A splendid Drop Scene by Lieut. Browne!

Doors open at 6 o'Clock. —— Commence at 6. 30.

The Police are directed to take in charge all disorderly Women & dogs.

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SHAKINGS.

A good Pioneer must be a Resolute man: Few men however Intrepid, but have felt the want of Assistance.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q.— Why should we in our present position be considered very knowing?

A.— Because there's nothing green about us.—

Q.— Why are Parkalia like Indian Hunting Boots?

A.— Because they are mock-sums. (moccasins)

MARRIED LIFE!

or

DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?

After which several Comic Songs, and the Orchestra will perform some of the most select Recess!

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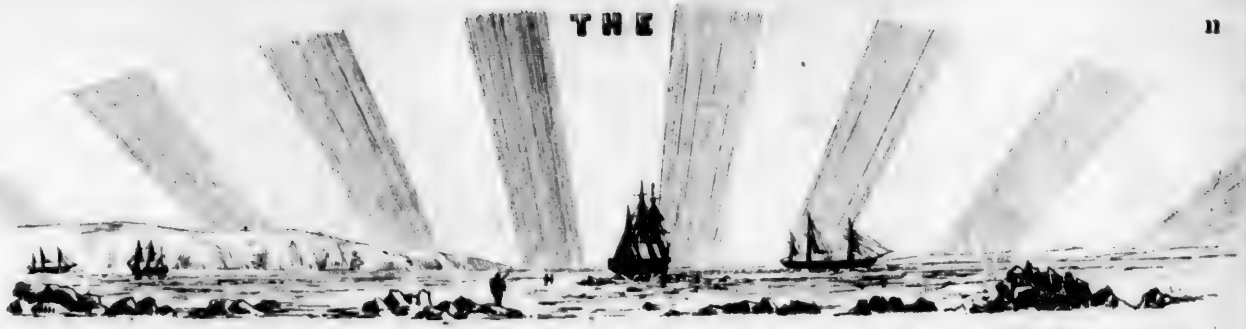
F.J.K. Printer.

It were needless to attempt excuses for the many defects of this our first number— and an equally hopless task to express our heartfelt thanks to our many kind contributors.

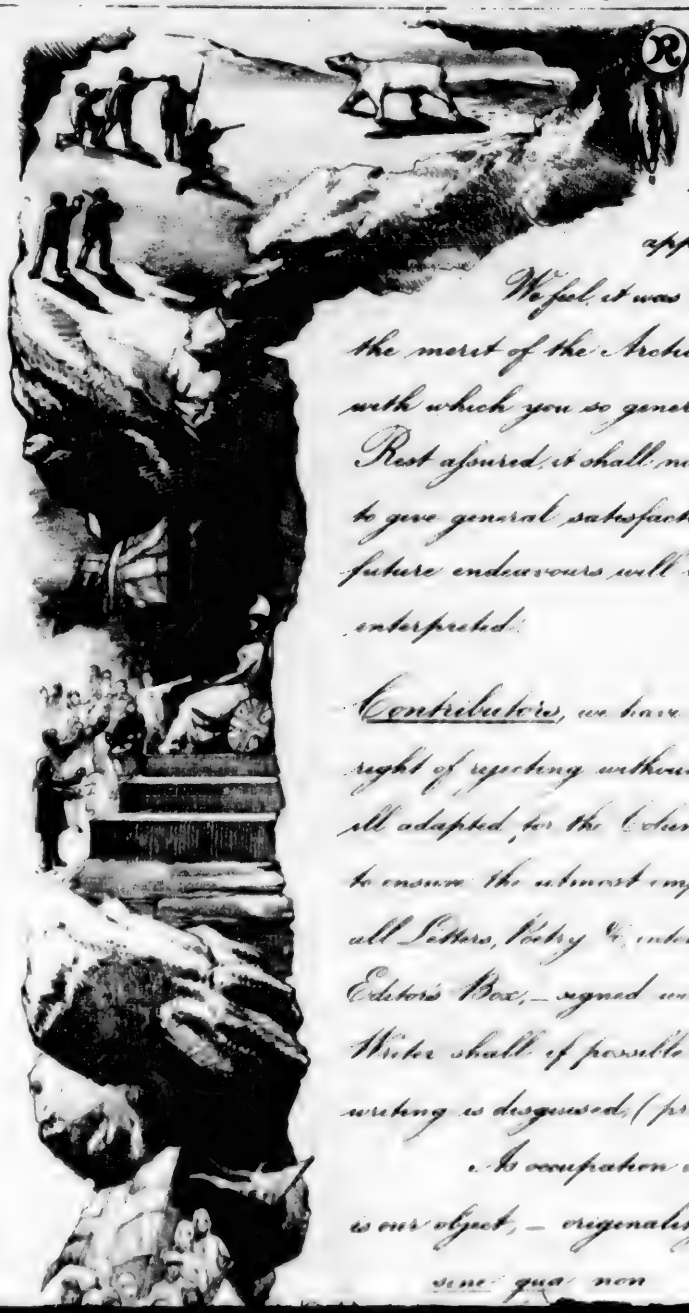
Trusting therefore to the generous criticism of the Squadron, we shall give the Printers Devil a holiday, and drink success to the "Illustrated Arctic News."—(Editors.)



THE

ILLUSTRATED ARCTIC NEWS.

No. 2. "TUTO ET SINE METU." NOVEMBER 30. 1850.



READER, The flattering encomiums so bountifully showered on our first essay in the Editorial line we deeply appreciate, and heartily thank you for—

We feel, it was the more kindly meant, in so far that the merit of the Arctic News, lay mainly in the alle M.S.S. with which you so generously answered our call.

Rest assured, it shall not be our fault if we fail in continuing to give general satisfaction, and we sincerely trust, all our future endeavours will be as warmly received and as generously interpreted.

Contributors, we have a favor to ask—that you concede to us the right of rejecting without comment any Publications adjudged to be ill adapted, for the Columns of our Periodical—and furthermore, to ensure the utmost impartiality at our hands we request that all Letters, Poetry &c. intended for publication, be placed in the Editors Box,—signed with some feigned name, to which the Writer shall if possible constantly adhere, and the more the writing is disguised, (provided it be legible) the better.

As occupation and exercise for pen and mind is our object,—originality in all Articles is a sine qua non

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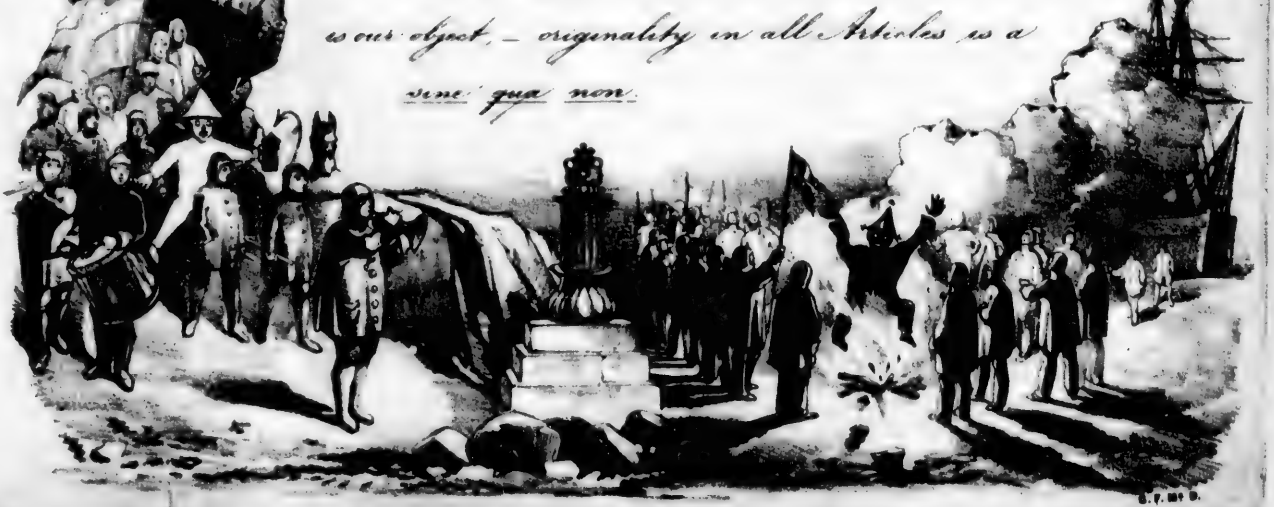

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the 'Illustrated Arctic News'.

Sir,

AS an old Naval Officer with several Sons at Sea, my feelings have been outraged, by a Letter which appeared in your first number—

Sir—let me tell you the wit was mildewed all gammon Sir!—I have made it pass muster with my respected Father, but I'd like to see a Son of mine, 'raise the wind' under similar excuses.—

Our Fathers were soft I grant you, but we are of sterner mould.

Indeed Heaven knows in these extravagant days, our poor boys need no excuses for justifying extra draughts—

My Charles's letters would astonish you. Picture to yourself Mr Editor, the little fellow being ordered to ride to Jerusalem, and go a tour thro' the Holy Land, because the 'Smash' was on the Syrian Station.

I got him into the Flag Ship. He was immediately ordered to keep a Horse to escort the Admiral's daughters!

I exerted interest, and he was sent to the Coast of Africa, when to my horror, I learnt that one of the secret articles of the Coast blockade, was— that the Midshipmen had to keep the Frenchmen on Champagne, and the Yankees in Cigars to preserve the 'entente cordiale'

that of exposing his Mess in the 'Rag and Famish', under the name I now subscribe myself.

Yours devotedly,

Brutus.

ARCTIC ANTHEM.

God bless the Resolute,
(A ship of good repute,)
And all her Crew!
Make her victorious,
Over old Boreas,
Whenéer he's uproarious,
Our Consorts too.

Of Button's Balloons, a store,
We have sent on a tour,
Franklin to cheer!
From toil, well not refrain
To release his crew from pain,
And return with them again
To friends sincere.

Let this our Winter be,
From every care, quite free,
Health to us all!
Don't let old Zero's tricks,
Perplex the brave Arctics,
Nor let for want of Sticks,
Sylvester fall

Let us return once more

Our Fathers were soft I grant you but we are of sterner mould.

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He is now in H.M.S. 'Vent Plug', and he assures me every one is sent on shore from 4 p.m to 11 o'Clock – to eat Oysters Hot Potatoes – drink 'eight penny' and study human nature

I have only one comfort –

Whenée'er he's uproarious,
Our Consorts too.

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We have sent on a tour,
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Health to us all!
Don't let old Zero's tricks,
Perplex the brave Arctics,
Nor let for want of Sticks,
Sylvester fall

Let us return once more;
To England's happy shore,
Never to roam!
May we ne'er want for prog;
Or what is better – Grog,
To keep all our lives agog,
Till we reach home

C F McD

*The name of the inventor of the warm air stove

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS OFF CAPE DUDLEY DIGGES. AUG^ST 14. 1850.

A TENDER STRAIN.

Air.—There's a good time coming.

The North Water's coming boys,
The North Water's coming!
We are certain now to see the day,
The Tenders there will lead the way,
In the North Water coming—
Steady heave, may ope the Nip,
But Steam's a great deal stronger,
Will win the water by its aid,
Steam a little longer.

There's 'large water' making boys
Large Water making!
Screw! not sail shall be the word,
To make the Ice obey its lord,
In the large water making—
The Tenders then, will tow us all,
Screws than us are stronger
The 'floe' asunder has been rent
Steam a little longer.

The 'floe' is surely moving boys
The floe is surely moving!
Coil in the Lines—hang the prog,
Where's the Purser?. Serve the Grog
The 'floe' is surely moving.
Penny's Brigs may have the lead,
But Steam's, a great deal stronger
Honour calls us to the North
Steam a little longer.

The East land is sinking boys
The East land is sinking!
To rescue those who want our aid,
With joy alone well well be paid,
The East land is sinking!
The dreary west is now in sight
We wish the wind was stronger
But the Screw can do without its aid
Steam a little longer.

The winter Ice is making boys,
Winter Ice is making!
Pay out the hawser take in tow

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We wish the wind was stronger
But the Screw can do without its aid
Steam a little longer

The winter Ice is making boys,
Winter Ice is making!
Pay out the hawser—take in tow
The Tender's help will fetch the 'floe',
For the winter Ice is making!—
Both Bird and Beast, are fleeing South,
The North wind blows yet stronger,
By God's help will find them yet
Steam a little longer

S. S.

SAILOR'S FOOTSTEPS.

"Footprints that perhaps another,
"Sailing o'er life's stormy main,
"Some forlorn & shipwrecked brother,
"Seeing, may take heart again."

WE, are not amongst those who look on the bourne whence "Traveller ne'er returneth" as one, to which is attached ought of melancholy or regret.—

Hope! bright hope! sits beside the lone tombstone, be it wreathed in snow.— Shaded by the solemn Elms of an English Churchyard.— Scorched by Africa's Sun.— or smiled over by India's Palms.— We hold with the Poet.—

"A life of honour and of worth
Has no Eternity on Earth."—

And they who have striven through life in that best of all characters, as honest men, must care but little whether it please God to call them hence on Sea, or Land.— at Home or abroad. 'Twas truly said by a Sailor of the olden time, when asked to quit his foundering Bark.— "Friends we are as near Heaven here as on shore."

There have been few prouder moments of our life, than when in some distant spot far from "Old England"!— whom they have served so well.— we mark the seamans grave, and trace the Epitaph placed as a last tribute to departed worth or valour.— Quaint and homely many of them are, nevertheless to each there is an interesting tale attached.

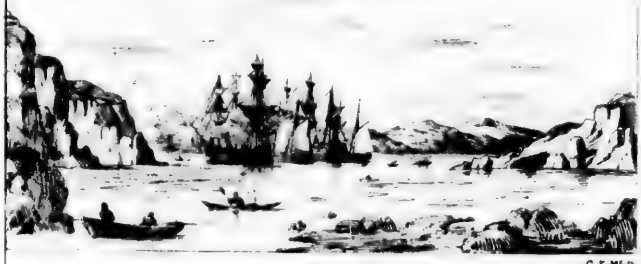
Who amongst us [illegible]

EPITAPH.

Kron Prins Isd. — Whale-Fish Group.

You Mariners that pass by here,
Upon my Grave let fall a tear,
Henry Markinson is my name,
In the Albion — Captn Hill, I came,
'Twas the month of April I came here,
But did not think death was so near.

On the 15th day of April,
It was my lot to have a fall
From the Cross-trees of the main Top-mast,
I, on the Quarter-deck was cast,
And was so hurted by the fall,
My life soon after God did call.



C.F.McG

WHALE-FISH ISLANDS.

Brother wanderers.— ere we turn from a subject, which has an interest for us all.— for all alike must come to it,— let me crave your attention to the Tombstones of our Countrymen.— may be the first ever placed in the Polar Regions of America.— Who has not heard or read of James, the Navigator.— his perilous voyage.— his sufferings and endurance. Embayed late in the year in the shoals of Hudson's Bay.— his puny craft Ice encumbered, shattered and wrecked.— he, and his crew two hundred years ago, wintered on an island of

Churchyard – Scorched by Africa's Sun – or smiled on by India's Palms – We hold with the Poet –

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Has no Eternity on Earth' –

And they who have shriven through life in that best of all characters, as honest men, must care but little whether it please God to call them hence on Sea or Land – at Home, or abroad – 'Twas truly said by a Sailor of the olden time, when asked to quit his foundering Bark – 'Friends we are as near Heaven here as on shore' –

There have been few prouder moments of our life, than – when in some distant spot far from 'Old England' – whom they have served so well – we mark the seaman's grave, and trace the Epitaph placed as a last tribute to departed worth, or valour – Quaint and homely, many of them are, nevertheless to each there is an interesting tale attached

Who amongst us read, and felt not a sympathising interest for the young Seamen, whose Tomb stood at the threshold of our heroic labours. –

We repeat it – lest it should not have been seen by all.

C.F. No 9.

WHALE-FISH ISLANDS.

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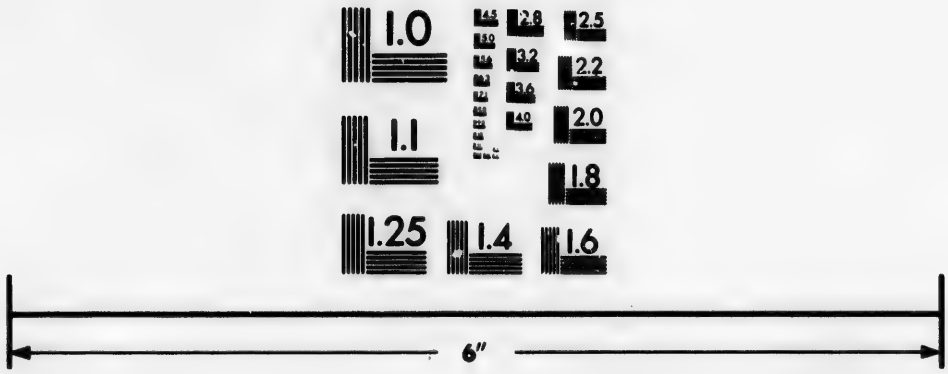
IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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of their hope — this humble

EPITAPH.

'Their lives they spent to the last drop of blood,
Seeking Gods glory, and their country's good.'

* * * * * *

'So have they spent themselves, & here they be,
A famous mark of our discovery —
We that survive perchance may end our days
In some employment, meriting no praise
They have outlived this fear, & their brave ends,
Will ever be an Honour to their friends!' S. O.

C.F.McD.

'Now all the world is sleeping love
But the Sage his Star-watch keeping love'
Moore

LETTER No 2.

(From our Anonymous Correspondent.)

My dear Mother,

We may now be said to have arrived in the Regions of the North — the scenes of our exertions, and, I trust of our success Ah little did you think the child of your bosom would have had to contend with such dangers and privations, as we have experienced

Shortly after my letter to Father, we set Sail for the gloomy shores of Lancaster sound, where we fell in with a gale of wind, which according to the testimony of the oldest Seaman on board, has not been equalled in

During the whole of this trying period

C.F.McD.

THE OFFICER OF MY WATCH.

exerted himself to the utmost taking alternate pulls at the braces & bottle — Poor fellow! he is a perfect martyr to cramp in the Stomach which generally comes on during our watch on deck — The only remedy is my Cherry Brandy, which I am convinced possesses some peculiar properties — I offered him some of the universal Medicine, Pills you so kindly sent me but with grateful thanks he declined accepting any thing so truly valuable

He generally during my watch, wiles away the weary hours by giving me sound advice, and imbibing Punch made in the dear little 'Conjuror' you gave me

In return for what he is pleased to term my kindness he has promised to advance me in my professional duties, and often at the risk of his own reputation as he assures me, entrusts me, in part, with the responsibility of the Watch — My writing he thinks may be improved during the

C.F.McD.

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But the Sage his Star-watch keeping love

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(From our Anonymous Correspondent.)

My dear Mother,

We may now be said to have arrived in the Region of the North – the scenes of our exertions, and, I trust, of our success. Ah little did you think the child of your bosom would have had to contend with such dangers and privations, as we have experienced

Shortly after my letter to Father, we set Sail for the gloomy shores of Lancaster sound; where we fell in with a gale of wind, which, according to the testimony of the oldest Seaman on board, has not been equalled in violence since the last war; – The Ship fortunately sustained no damage, altho' at one time there was a large hole in the main Hatchway, with the water up to the lends. This will give you a faint idea of our situation.

which I am sure will please you, since you know my properties. – I offered him some of the universal Medicine Pills you so kindly sent me, but with grateful thanks he declined accepting any thing so truly valuable

He generally during my watch, wiles away the weary hours, by giving me sound advice, and imbibing Punch made in the dear little 'Conjuror' you gave me

In return for what he is pleased to term my kindness, he has promised to advance me in my professional duties, and often at the risk of his own reputation, as he assures me entrusts me, in post, with the responsibility of the Watch – My writing he thinks may be improved during the winter months, and he has generously given me his log to keep for practice. – The Sextant and Sword, dear God father's present, I left in charge of a friend of my messmate a highly respectable & very accommodating person who has promised to retain them in safe keeping

He is I believe

A Gentleman of the Jewish Persuasion.

and was so particular that in addition to taking an inventory of every thing we left, he placed a ticket on each article.

(As the remainder of this estimable young man's letter is strictly private, — we refrain from making it public) (E. D.)

NOTES FROM THE ICE PLANK.

by S. O.

Four hours sleep and away — Ships in tow — slip round a head land see Pennys Brigs — pass them, a broad bay a head, strewed with islands icelands and bergs — one of the former known as the Sugar loaf very conspicuous — the lane of water takes us under a precipitous Headland 1600 feet high, — Red Granite — Gneiss — pigmy glaciers — sharp and gloomy ravines and snow white wreaths makes the scene novel and exciting — the solemn stillness of land, and ice — the water smooth and clear — our vessels stealing silently along, the plunge of the seaman's lead in the water, and flap of wild fowls wing the only thing to break the general stillness.

Men and Officers gazing in awestruck admiration at the fearful masses of granite overhanging the decks and threatening with the slightest concussion to hurl down huge boulders, or an avalanche upon us

Now past

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Now past

G. F. McD.

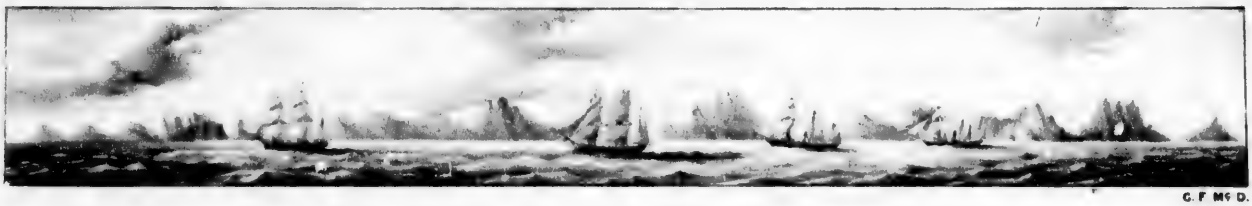
CAPE SHACKLETON.

we graze the edge of a floe piece, and almost run down the Seal which has been wondering with its lustrous eyes at our novel approach. — Then slide past one of those wonderous fiords of Greenland, to see which would well repay a voyage to the North. — Its deep and placid waters winding away with every diversity of scenery and colouring.

of which the grim North is capable of assuming and indeed if nature here does not assume those rich & gorgeous forms under which the imagination becomes enthralled in more genial climes yet the sweet and delicate tints thrown by her across the heavens, and filling up the background of some of her most striking tableaux leave a pensive and reflective effect upon the mind which cannot be well expressed or easily forgot

Millions (aye millions) of wild fowl darkened the face of a Cliff which we passed, and as we were to fasten to some Icebergs for the next four and twenty hours a boat was despatched from each Ship to shoot them for the use of the Crews, and already we dreamt of Soom soup — Alas! it was a dream only, for in the morning an old Captain of the Forecastle we had sent looking very sheepish, reported he and his party had only shot One. One, we exclaimed, — How many did the Assistance's shoot? I think 20 was the reply And you only shot one? That's all Sir but we carry near 30 a Bear, the fact was they had fired no less than 3 lbs of the small shot one unmissed Button which they happened to possess, and the blade of a knife, which by great ingenuity they contrived to cram down one of the guns! when having expended all their missiles, they endeavored to drown Bruin by making him constantly dive to avoid blows from their Oars and Boat hooks, —
He eventually got away, because as the Captain of the Forecastle maintained the men would not allow him to heave a bowling knot over the brute's head, which they strongly argued might have ended in their freak being turned into serious work by the Bear, which was an old one, and rather more astonished than hurt by the odd salute he had been receiving —

S. O.



C. F. McD.

LAND ABOUT CAPE FAREWELL

LINES ON SEEING CAPE FAREWELL.

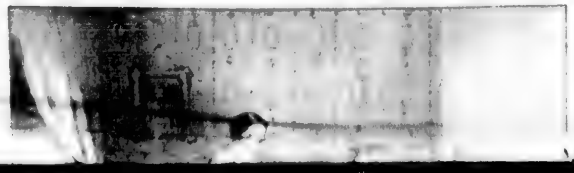
This lofty Cape whose hoary Crown,
Is wreathed in everlasting snow,
Its over frozen gullies frown,
On Sea and Ice, which rage below.

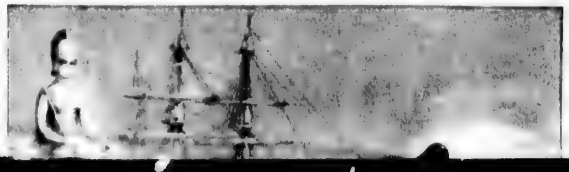
This dreary Cape which ages past,
Was planted there by law divine;
It still for ages yet will last,
And overlook the stormy brine

Oh! many a Shipwreck has befel,
The bark of Norseman & of Dane,
They struck on dreary Cape Farewell,
To sink, and never to rise again.

But now with Compasses and Charts
And better hopes we pass this land;
To search in unknown frozen parts,
For Franklin & his long lost band

C. M.





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C. M.

C. F. McD.

MODERN SEAMANSHIP RIGGING FOR THE BALL

'Setting up the Mainstay

C. F. McD.

"O! so you rule the waves, do you

An' a devilish easy berth you'll have of it this Winter

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.
Summary of the Month's Proceedings.

The Sun has gone! Granted - but it has not taken with it the jollity. (no other word will serve) of the Arctic Expedition (on the contrary as our Country Cousins used to aver, 'there's twice the fun now the lights are out' All the voluminous journals and diaries we have examined, bear evidence to the fact - N.B - Our private opinion is that we are manned with 'Mark Tapleys'

The month commenced with the Commodore's 'Evening at home'; - Sweet-hearts and Wives! - this is the place for constant men - The enquiry as to 'know ye the land of the Cypress and Myrtle?' started the Company off for Strada Reale and the Golden Horn, only to be recalled to a sense of the fallen state of man by - 'Eliza Davis, her wrongs', for which there was consolation in the fact being announced that 'Good old English Gentlemen' once existed

Tuesday the 3th came peace of course we thought calm opened scientific Manual got as far as page 3 - when yells! drums! gongs! Fire! shouted our Printer's devil - Fire! cried we? - Noa Sir said our Ice-seer - they be all gone mad Sir here's Guy Fawkes alongside' -

Then came the Prince of Wales's birth

His Royal Highness - Then a polishing up of Carriages - N.B - There we'll be a row at the Horse Guards, (with regard to the Guardsman's attire being desecrated!) -

That day finished with the opening of the Royal Arctic Theatre - for which our

C. F. Mc D.

STATE CARRIAGE.

left at 6, and our poor ribs attest how we laughed and enjoyed our selves - As Lord Gough says, - it would be unjust to individualize, where all threw themselves into the breach of public opinion with like self devotion, and heroism' - indeed were we inclined to criticise the Actors, or Acting our Pen would wither, and Ink bottle bolt, ere we could do so, after the admirably delivered prologue, by the gallant Manager -

May he and they live a thousand years! - The Pickles! - we maintain it was the Pickles gave us a head ache - we survived, said 'Tah tah' to the Sun, made a pen and a good resolution - when Intrepid Saloon again opened, and it required a week to work off the

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Then came the Prince of Wales's birth day — more cheering! more singing! Inaugura tion of Charing Cross, eloquent speeches! — verging, yet not encroaching on the Ciceronian School, a most loyal and rapid dispatch of Treacle and Rum, (of the two we preferred the latter) to the health of — left at C, and our poor ribs attest how we laughed and enjoyed our selves — As Lord Gough says, — it would be unjust to individualize, where all threw themselves into the breach of public opinion with like self devotion, and heroism! — indeed were we inclined to criticise the Actors, or Acting, our Pen would wither, and Ink bottle bolt, ere we could do so, after the admirably delivered prologue, by the gallant Manager —

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The Committee of taste is sitting and you're wanted! — Oh dear! all right! I'll be there directly! — Noses wanted for a Masqued Ball! — Music for the Orchestra! — Mammas will not allow daughters to go unless we are

exclusive. Virgo! (Not 25) won't attend unless propriety be secured. Bachelors want Champagne Supper! Old Boys a corner for Whist, and Dowagers! — Sailors want Grog! 'Seven bellers' want — Oh! they don't know what! — Committee to supply all. —

A Titanic member of the Aurora, next breaks upon us, and adds another strand to the Cable of good fellowship by which the Squadron is riding. There sweet & strong as its own Punch, Saturday night of 'Resolute' comes round! Alas! we are shocking batchelors — we blush, yet own it — but Ladies single or married, feel assured after the libations, toasts, and songs of that night, influenza can never hurt the noses of the one; nor hooping cough worry the sweet pledges of the other.

A dash of Brandy — minus the salt, — the following morning set us all to rights, and Canto 1st of an Epic poem on the Arctic Moon was progressing rapidly, when up again went the drop scene of the Arctic Theatre — 'High life below Stairs' and 'Done on both sides' did us up as well as poor November. The graceful manner in which the fair Lydia Wheffles sank into her chair, will (to use the eloquent words of one of our correspondents) never be effaced from the glowing tablet of our evidently duply enamoured with the lovely English Koonah. We understand he inquisitively inspected several two ton tanks the following day, for the purpose of ascertaining the where abouts of the fair Lydia.

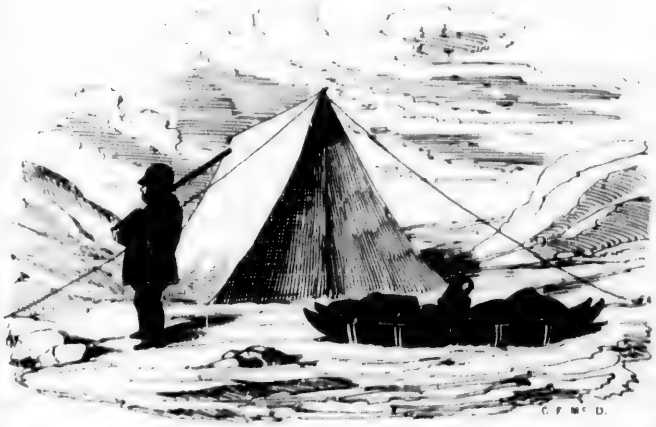
All the Characters were admirably sustained and the entertainments went off with great éclat.

Then came a Bear hunt by moonlight, and the triumphal return of the hunters with the object of their chase.

What! A Seaman's School! — Well done! — Education & Improvement are twins. Encourage & foster the one, the other must follow. The School master is indeed afloat. N.B. We are ready to take in hand Young Editors & Printers devils. Bang! goes eight bells! out goes No. 1 — in comes No. 2 of the I.A.N, and Christmas commences amid excessive mirth, all at the expense of those devilish funny dogs.

The Editors.

ARCTIC SKETCHES



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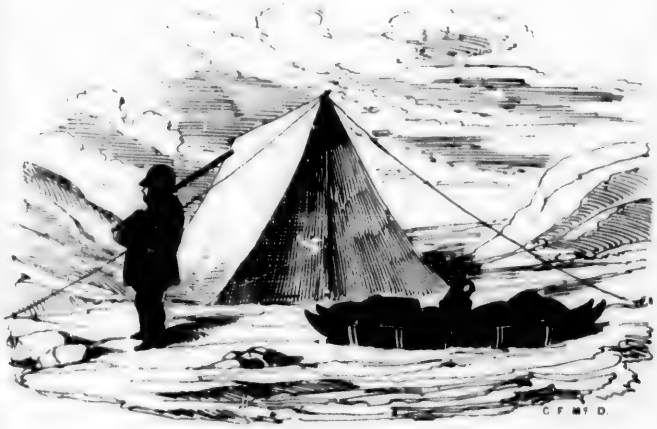
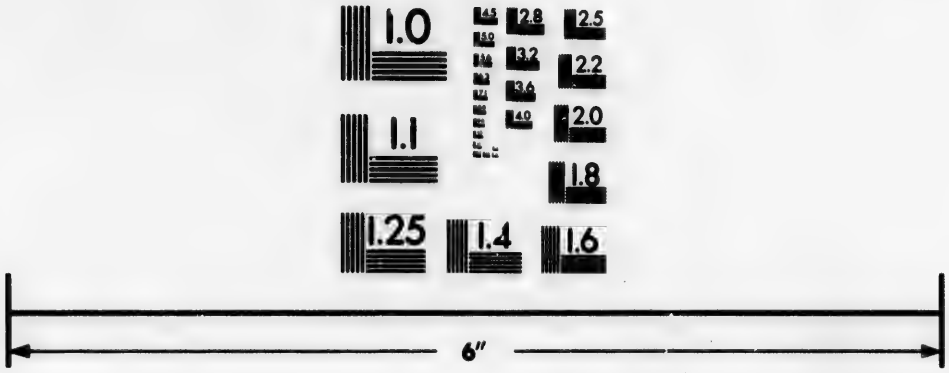


HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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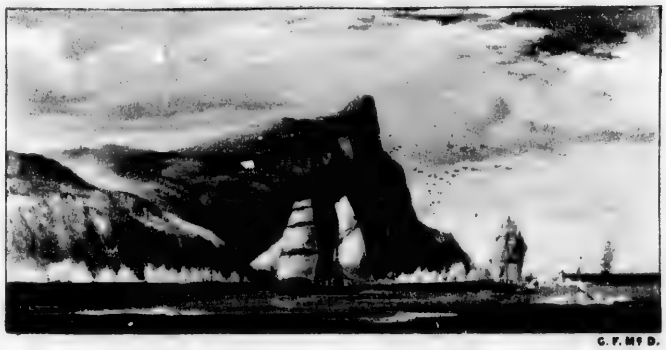

C. F. McD.

U. S. BRIGS — ADVANCE & RESCUE, PASSING CAPT. HOTHAM.

The Sketch above represents the two Vessels under the orders of Lieut^t E. J. De Haven, (of the American Navy) and cold must that Englishman's heart be, that does not throb with generous sympathy towards an Expedition fitted out through the munificence of a private individual to afford aid to Sir John Franklin's Expedition.

We see in the English Searching Squadron the fulfilment on the part of the Nation of a high & imperative duty to seek and save those she sent to execute her behests, we behold in the American Vessels the generous liberality of a good & virtuous Man. Henry Grunnell, who in the rescue of the distressed, hesitated not at expense, and whose great heart appears in its charity to know no alien either in Nation or Creed — Honor high honor to such men say we, and assuredly when in after years, History shall tell how those who went into the Ice bound regions of the Pole for a World's advantage were sought and watched for by the common race of civilized men — the name of 'Henry Grunnell' will be imperishably emblazoned on her scroll, and be cherished by every heart that can appreciate pure and holy motives when mayhap all else of this eventful page in our Naval Annals, shall have been forgot.

There is another highly interesting feature in the Squadron now before us, it is this

all, in crossing Baffin's Bay further South than any of the British Vessels and how has this been accomplished? — Ask their gallant Officers they will tell you that they had only one Man, who had ever seen Polar Ice — he was their Leader, yet they encountered all the much talked of dangers of Melville Bay — they met with gales of wind in Lancaster Sound — they have been under our eyes surrounded with drifting ice, in a fruitless attempt to push up Wellington Channel since then, but for the 'Pioneer', they would have passed the 'Resolute' when she was beset off Cape Hotham, and we see them now alongside of Her Majesty's Vessels, as far west as Vessels will go this year, & to-morrow they sail for New York — There is therefore but one reply to the question, they have all exhibited energy, skill, a fearlessness of ice which half takes from its dangers, and zeal in a good cause which was effective because it was sincere. —

Had the Vessels been filled with Men grown grey amid the Ice, had their minds been properly stored with all the long yarns attached to every disaster that ever has befallen those who travail in the North, they could not have done more than they have done — they might have done less, and as it is they have the honor like our own 'North West Fox' of performing their voyage unaided by such questionable tho' we are told orthodox assistance

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The Americans tied down by no dogmas and unshackled by foregone practices, indeed setting totally at defiance all Arctic rules & regulations have in much less time than ourselves, and after incurring much less risk, transported themselves from Home to the Floe edge off Griffith's Island, besides beating us

with drifting ice, in a fruitless attempt to push up Wellington Channel since then, but for the 'Pioneer', they would have passed the 'Resolute' when she was beset off Cape Hotham, and we see them now alongside of Her Majesty's Vessels, as far west as Vessels will go this year, & to-morrow they sail for New York — There is therefore but one reply to the question, they have all exhibited energy, skill, a fearlessness of ice which half takes from its dangers, and zeal in a good cause which was effective because it was sincere. —

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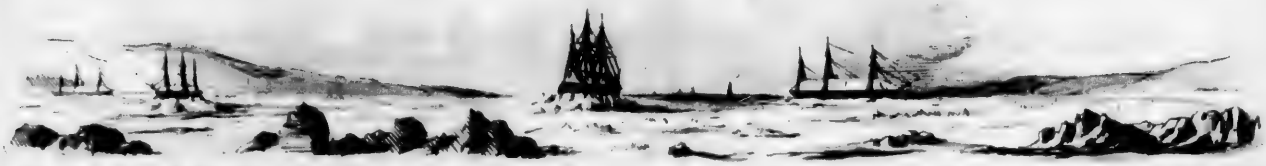
Long labour little rest gave us during the time we happened to be in the company of the American Squadron, but little time to show how gladly we would have known more of them, they have however our best wishes, and that on their arrival they may be greeted as men who deserve well of their Country, is our sincere hope.

THE



ILLUSTRATED ARCTIC NEWS.

No. III. "TUTO ET SINE METU." DEC.R 31. 1850.

CHRISTMAS day in Latitude 74° North! At any rate, it has the merit of being a novelty, although we must plead guilty to being like most other people, sufficiently old fashioned, to prefer spending it at Home! –

A rare occurrence by the bye, for we "Mariners of England" – and we shall have to do in 1851, as we have done before, namely, spend a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, amongst those jolly mortals called Shipmates

It is true, no gentle hand rests on ours, no laughing child clambers on our knee. We have not to smile at the vivacity of three score, nor rejoice in the unfaded beauty of her who never spoke a word unkind – Such can only be found in that one bright spot – an Englishman's Home! – Yet our Chair will be there and our name will not be forgotten.

God be thanked we have each our consolation We rejoice in the hope that they are happy, they gladden with the thought that we are happy entrance to the Coming Year, by drawing still closer the bonds of friendship, which unite us to our Brother Arctic Navigators.

ARCTIC SKETCHES

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

ARCTIC LITERATURE.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

On the 13th inst. the "Aurora Borealis" – we allude to the interesting Paper so called – again made its appearance, and in defiance of Nature, bids us hope that Summer is rapidly advancing if we are permitted to judge by the great increase to its leaves.

Like its predecessors, this No contains a great diversity of matter, combining useful information, with lighter articles – and we sincerely wish that

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God be thanked we have each our consolation We rejoice in the hope that they are happy, they gladden with the thought that we are doing our duty

And so we will, gallant Friends! Thanks to Her Majesty's Roast Beef and Plum pudding, our Christmas in spite of Emperor Zero, must be a jovial one and we can best insure a

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

ARCTIC LITERATURE.

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Like its predecessors, this No contains a great diversity of matter, combining useful information, with lighter articles — and we sincerely wish that the Editor's Box of the 'Illustrated Arctic News', was in as flourishing a condition, as that of our colemporary

Our Box — intended orgenally for literary purposes, produces only pipe lights and half smoked Cigars

Reminiscences of the Whale Fish Islands.

The Huts are composed entirely of Turf, the lower half being below the surface of the ground. From the interior runs a long, low, narrow, and always filthy underground passage by which the inhabitants keep up a communication with the upper world. I certainly did succeed in exploring one of these subterranean passages, but on reaching the Chamber, was overpowered with anything but an odoriferous compound stench which obliged me to beat a hasty retreat through the window.

We were occasionally honored with the presence of Marie, the belle of Knona Rins Bd and the readiness with which the lovely creature discussed Cherry Brandy, Rum, Gingerbread, Tea, Bon bons, and various other articles in succession, induced us to believe her digestive organs were in admirable order.

Our little squadron, consisting of 3 Vessels, impressed the Esquimaux with an idea that the Queen of England possessed inexhaustible wealth, as a proof of which one of them (who knew the difference between Rum and Water) on being shown an Engraving of Her Majesty, exclaimed in a rapturous tone "Ah! vare fine Koonah (Woman) plenty Ships! plenty Rum!!"

C. F. Mc D.

"RESOLUTE'S" BAL MASQUÉ.

you have believed it? Why no, I think not.— Then my dear friend how can you expect me to do so?—

Such dear Reader, is what each individual will, in all probability have to submit to, on our return, but not even the expectation of being snubbed shall prevent our attempting to convey an idea of the fun at our Fancy Ball, which will, we trust be related to our Children's children as a proof of the capabilities of British Seamen, and of the unanimity which existed between the few adventurers, who, separated from the civilized world by icy seas, and frozen in midst snowy plains, within the Arctic Circle, exerted themselves to dispel the settled gloom of winter, with all its attendant evils— and defied the chilling blast, or nipping frosts, to affect their hearts— which were kept in a genial state of thaw by the warm feelings which pervaded them.

On Wednesday Decr 3th at 6 P.M. a rocket announced the opening of the Masked Ball and shortly afterwards lights gleaming in the distance told of the approach of the Visitors, many of whom were in costume whilst others completed their toilet in the Wash house, where Mirrors, & other necessaries were prepared.

A good fire & curtained walls, rendered this operation not an unpleasant one, whilst the hum

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C. F. Mc D.

"RESOLUTE'S" BAL MASQUÉ.

WHAT! a Bal Masqué in the Arctic Regions! with as you confess, the Temperature at 30°? — Pooh! Pooh! you're playing on my credulity, but don't look annoyed, my dear fellow. Now suppose you had not witnessed it, would seas, and frozen in midst snowy plains, within the Arctic Circle, exerted themselves to dispel the settled gloom of winter, with all its attendant evils — and defied the chilling blast, or nipping frosts, to affect their hearts — which were kept in a genial state of thaw, by the warm feelings which pervaded them.

On Wednesday, Dec.r 5th at 6 P.M. a rocket announced the opening of the Masked Ball, and shortly afterwards lights gleaming in the distance, told of the approach of the visitors, many of whom were in costume, whilst others completed their toilet in the Wash house, where Mirrors, & other necessaries were prepared.

A good fire, & curtained walls, rendered this operation not an unpleasant one, whilst the transparency with the words "Welcome Comrades" over the door, assured them of a hearty reception.

Our arrival was well timed, for on reaching the entrance, we observed Sir Greasy hide Walrus (who had just

GR ND
RESTAURANT
RUM
OLD TOM
WELCOME
M
ESOLUTE
5.

C. F. McD.

descended from his Carriage), was now with the Officials bearing the Insignia of his elevated office entering within the portals where mirth, with all her votaries held their revelry.

From the centre of the Marquee, (the manufacture of a country thousands of miles distant) was suspended a magnificent Chandelier, to which was attached a globe, on whose pole stood a miniature sailor, waving the Flag which for a thousand years, or more for which we know, is said to have braved the 'Battle and the breeze'

Proceeding below, our breath was almost taken away, by the strange scene which presented itself to our astonished gaze. By dint of great perseverance, we succeeded in forcing our way through the dense crowd, to a spot from which we had a good view of the reception of Sir G H Walrus, by Mr Punch, M.E. 'in fair round belly, with good Capon lined'.—

Sir Greasy then read the following address

'May it please your illustrious jollity—

'We the Mayor & Corporation of Griffith's 'Itkertak hearing of your approach, hasten 'to welcome you to our shores, and humbly 'tender our duty on this happy occasion. We 'regret that our cherished Koonahs is prevented 'we therefore feel sensible of the honour, con' 'ferred by the visit of so renowned a 'Potentate. We had sinister ideas that 'Punch was something good to drink; 'but we are now satisfied it is an il' 'lusion; there being no doubt of your' 'solidity.'

'Your presence here we trust, is 'indicative of good tidings from our' 'friends in Europe and that you have' 'happily been the means of restoring peace' 'tranquility to those troublesome States.'

'We have heard of a very happy' 'country swayed by a mighty Lady,' 'whom we hear you recognise as your' 'Queen.— We trust she may reign' 'many years in happiness & prosperity'

'We have the pleasure to inform' 'you that hitherto from time immemorial' 'the inhabitants of these realms have' 'enjoyed uninterrupted tranquility, wild sports,' 'and the chase contribute to our amusement;— 'and with the society of our Koonahs & a good' 'table, we have all we wish for.'

'But worthy Sir, our citizen Kalahe-ra in' 'forms us that of late these peaceful solitudes have' 'been disturbed by a terrible white man called' 'Commodore Horatio Austin, who has kicked' 'up such a rumpus, the like was never known before;

regret that our cherished Koonah is prevented,

have braved the Battle and the breeze

Proceeding below, our breath was al-most taken away, by the strange scene which presented itself to our astonished gaze. By dint of great perseverance, we succeeded in forcing our way through the dense crowd, to a spot from which we had a good view of the reception of Sir G H Walrus, by Mr Punch M.C. 'in fair round belly, with good Capon lined';—

Sir Greasy then read the following address

'May it please your illustrious jollity'—

'We the Mayor & Corporation of Griffith's' 'Ikhertah hearing of your approach, hasten' 'to welcome you to our shores, and humbly' 'tender our duty on this happy occasion. We' 'regret that our cherished Koonah is prevented' 'by indisposition from participating in the' 'pleasure we feel at your arrival.'

'Of late years, we have heard of your' 'sovereign sway over certain other realms,' 'far too hot we understand for our endurance;'

'We have heard of a very happy' 'country swayed by a mighty Lady,' 'whom we hear you recognise as your' 'Queen.— We trust she may reign' 'many years in happiness & prosperity'

'We have the pleasure to inform' 'you that hitherto from time immemorial,' 'the inhabitants of these realms have' 'enjoyed uninterrupted tranquility, wild sports,' 'and the chase contribute to our amusement;—' 'and with the society of our Koonahs & a good' 'table, we have all we wish for.'

'But worthy Sir, our citizen Kalaherna in-' 'forms us that of late these peaceful solitudes have' 'been disturbed by a terrible white man called' 'Commodore Horatio Austin, who has kicked' 'up such a rumpus, the like was never known before;' 'and he has brought out two such infernal Devil' 'ships, that we are frightened out of our' 'lives.—'

'The ice he has treated with many indignities,' 'what with his new schemes of blasting' 'and' 'steaming' —— we know not how far his'

IMAGE EVALUATION
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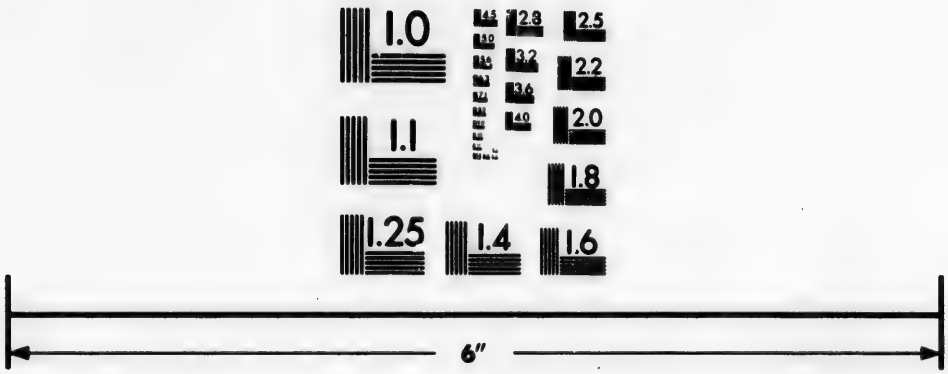

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impudence will carry him

Magnanimous Punch! See this Austin, and enquire his business here – gladly will we facilitate the accomplishment of his designs, and wish him every possible success – Then take him back to his Koonah, and tell her to take care of him.

We hear that you preside over fun & jollity. Welcome then at this season. Come to our Toopeks & give us a specimen of your merry dongs: bring Austin with you and make a jolly winter of it.

Now if you are for a jolly night we are the boys, and in duty bound will ever pray Long live Punch!

After the address, the following glee was sung with great effect by the band:

Hail! Comrades all.
Yours welcome here to night
To assist the Resolute's opening day
Hail! Hail! Hail!

On all the strange faces red, black & white
At our masqued Ball pleasure hath the sway

Before the voices ceased our thoughts had carried us across the floe, & transferred us to a land of happiness & heavy wet. Lovely forms

penny. We were recalled to the sad reality of our situation by a whack from an impertinent clown, and awoke from the pleasing but illusive dream.

Mixing with the crowd, we were reminded of the responsibility of our office – but the ever varying figures before us, rendered it difficult to describe as we could wish, the groups by which we were surrounded.

We observed Queen Boadicea, who had been specially invited, deploring the state of society to the King of Jockeys, whipping his Tops and with good reason too, for at this moment a Brown or rather a red Devil passed, escorting a lovely girl to his palace the Gin shop, where another depraved young creature in a Blue Cap was indulging in a 'go' of 'blue ruin'. – The sight almost Chained us to the spot but stifling our feelings with a wad's worth of recherché, we noticed a villainous looking Saracen (who Allah'd Allah'd every minute) looking scymetars at a Gallant Crusader and his lovely bride, whom we supposed to have been spliced by a 'Friar of Orders Grey' apparently setting out on a pilgrimage, judging by the Shell-be-bare.

Mr Bumble in full parochial Costume endeavoured to Ward off the blow occasioned by the desertion of the late Mrs Corney with [illegible]

you and make a jolly winter of it.

Now if you are for a jolly night—
we are the boys, and in duty bound will
ever pray. Long live Punch!'

After the address, the following glee was sung with great effect by the band.

Hail! Comrades all.
You're welcome here to night
To assist the Resolutes opening day
Hail! Hail! Hail!

On all the strange faces red, black & white,
At our masqued Ball pleasure hath the sway

Before the voices ceased our thoughts had carried us across the floe, & transferred us to a land of happiness & 'heavy wet'. Lovely forms flitted by—their eyes glancing brightly in all the excitement of the whirling dance—we could not refrain—our souls thirsted—or in other words we became thirsty souls and drank deeply of the intoxicating draught called eight—

passed, escorting a lovely girl to her [illegible] the Gin shop, where another depraved young creature in a Blue Cap was indulging in a 'go' of 'blue ruin'.—The sight almost Chained us to the spot, but stifling our feelings with a wad's worth of recherché, we noticed a villainous looking Saracen, (who Allah'd Allah'd every minute) looking scymeters at a Gallant Crusader and his lovely bride, whom we supposed to have been spliced by a 'Friar of Orders Grey' apparently setting out on a pilgrimage, judging by the Shell-he-bare.

Mr Bumble in full parochial Costume endeavoured to Ward off the blow occasioned by the desertion of the late Mrs Cooney, with a 'go' of Negus, which a Negger generously Purchased.—The love of a Highland Chief sustained no cross from a lovely representative of the Crescent. But we question the Smuggler Chief inducing that lovely piece of Goods 'La Vivandiere' to

run of it, notwithstanding his eye being such a Piercer.

Any old Chairs to mend? cried a voice close behind us — Turning round, we saw a respectable old Gent, in a bad Hat and blue Stockings, Accosting a Crabbed Sir Charles Grandison, who deigning no reply, turned hastily round on his heel, & danced with an Intrepid old English Gentleman.

'At the battle of the Nile
I was there all the while'

sung in rather a husky tone, an old Sailor, with a Wooden Leg, dressed in the Greenwich Uniform. — And where my friend said I, have you been besides? Why I sarved with Jarvis, and lost this here Leg in Calder's Action. At this moment a Black Monk pushed rudely by the old Sea dog, Sheer hard to starboard you lubber he cried, or shiver my old timbers but I'll douse your top light.

Do you know those? I asked, pointing to two figures, the one in a dark Robe, while the other wore a dress half black, & half white. Why Yes! — the tall 'un is My Chum, but I'm afraid he's too much in company with Mr Allegory, but I'll Mark 'em well to night if he doesnt take kind.

It would be quite impossible to describe all the Characters which amounted to about 160, it to be the best.

We gave our Printer's devil our tickets, but soon regretted doing so for although the wretch was well aware of our assumed character, we were bonneted by the Villian at least a dozen times.

The Refreshments, which consisted of Punch, Grog, & excellent Cake, (all of which were discussed & appreciated) were under the entire superintendance of Mrs Gough & her kinsman, from Gunter's we were told. We don't believe it, and we found our dissent on the profusion displayed, — for if our memory is not treacherous, Gunter was a scaly fellow.

Against the festooned & curtained sides, were placed Paintings, Prints &c, which heightened the effect considerably — whilst over the Orchestra, the word 'Welcome', in a brilliant transparency, put a finishing stroke to the whole.

Dancing was kept up until past Ten o'Clock, when the visitors began to leave for their respective vessels, much gratified with the evening's entertainments, and buoyed up with the hope that such another would follow.

The humble old Chair mender, to whom we thought of tendering alms, proved to be the originator of this great Festival & welcomed us all to his Cabin.

Uniform. — And where my friend said I, have you been besides? Why I served with Jervis and lost this here Leg in Calder's Action At this moment a Black Monk pushed rudely by the old Sea dog, Sheer-hard, to starboard you lubber he cried, or shiver my old timbers but I'll douse your top lights.

Do you know those? I asked, pointing to two figures, the one in a dark Robe while the other wore a dress half black & half white Why Yes! the tall'un is My Chum, but I'm afraid he's too much in company with Mr Allegory but I'll Mark 'em well to night if he doesn't take heed.

It would be quite impossible to describe all the Characters which amounted to about 160, of the number of Tickets* taken at the Restaurant, be considered a fair criterion. We considered memory is not treacherous, Gunter was a scaly fellow

Against the festooned & curtained sides, were placed Paintings, Prints &c. which heightened the effect considerably — whilst over the Orchestra, the word 'Welcome', in a brilliant transparency, put a finishing stroke to the whole

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The humble old Chair mender, to whom we thought of tendering alms, proved to be the originator of this great Festival, & welcomed us all to his Cabin, where we put down our Masks & picked up appetites, at the sight of Sandwiches & Sherry.

So ended this eventful night, which will ever be remembered with

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* Two wads as Tickets, were given to each Visitor on admission, which entitled the owner to two glasses of Punch with Cake

feelings of gratification by all concerned — and whilst we in our humble capacity have attempted however badly to describe the scenes which occurred, we feel convinced that our friends in England would be delighted to know that every individual in the Expedition enjoyed himself heartily and rationally on this memorable occasion.

C. F. McD

AN ARCTIC CHRISTMAS SONG.

Air — "Oh! nothing in Life can sadden us."

I delight, I confess in a snug Christmas party,
Where mirth, wit and humour combined for the night,
Dispel all our sorrows, and make us quite hearty,
Where friendship and fun in a family unite —
Where the old folks from their fire-side corner,
Look joyfully on at the company there,
Whilst young fellows, under the Mistletoe — warmer,
Are made, by kissing the Maidens so fair.

Since the Bergs have not done so, don't let care upset us,
Nor allow it the flow of your spirits to nip,
For though we are absent, our Friends don't forget us,
But are drinking our healths in a jorum of Flip —
Our Parents — the friends of our earliest childhood,
Are thinking of us, who to them are so dear,
And our Sweethearts and Wives, could they see us, they smile would,
And dash from their eyes the sensitive tear.

For here, where stern Nature in darkness doth reign,
Where the Mountains & hills, with snow are all crown'd,
Sweet Memory will ever convey us in thought again,
To our Homes, where Happiness only is found —
Let us hope for the best, and on sorrow not ponder,
But partake with kind feelings our bountiful cheer,
Fill to those whose hearts by absence grow fonder,
A right merry Christmas, and happy New Year

C. F. McD.

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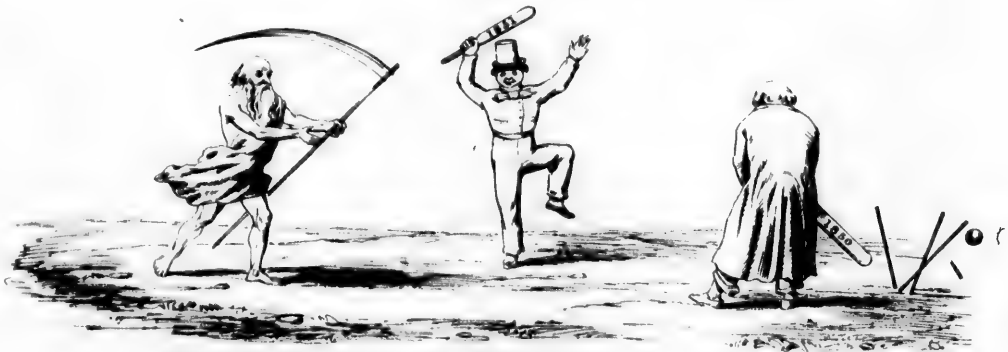

THE OLD YEAR GOING OUT—AND THE NEW YEAR COMING IN

C.F.McD

INTREPID SALOON.

On the 19th this favorite place of resort, attracted a large concourse, from the various Ships to witness "Feats of Agility & Strength" - besides Comic Songs, Recitations, and other amusements

About the middle of the entertainment, the audience were informed that a few of the songsters were absent, and some regret was experienced in consequence. This feeling was however but of short duration, for with the most commendable zeal, several volunteers sang Comic Songs, and were deservedly encored.

The Band also, sang a Glee, with much taste & good execution. — The dialogue between Edward IV. & Warwick, was very creditably delivered by two of the seamen.

The entertainment on the whole was very successful, and to use the words of Mrs Toots (in reference to his Wife) 'Cannot be too often repeated'. —

OUR CHRISTMAS.
on board the "RESOLUTE."

The Christmas festivities commenced on the night of Tuesday 24th with a Dinner, & 'At Home', in the Evening by Captn Austin

Had we bespoken a fine day, or have brought one, as we did our Xmas Pudding with us from England, we could not have wished for anything more beautiful than that of Wednesday last.

At 7.30 AM. A faint reddish tinge, on the Southern horizon, announced the arrival of the Sun within the twilight Circle, (We don't care how soon his jolly phiz shows out in the Arctic ditto) -

Every minute increased the light, until the sky to the southward, in a wide spreading arch, was illuminated with the most brilliant colors.

It reminded us of the dissolving Views, we witnessed at the Polytechnic for at noon, the light gradually declined until all around was shrouded in the darkness of night. —

The floe during the day presented quite an animated appearance, but particularly so towards noon, when dark masses of men might have been observed wending their way towards the Resolute. —

We took the same direction, went below - but fancy our feelings, if it be possible on finding nearly all the Officers of the Squadron assembled in the Gun Room partaking of - What! Champagne? No!

and were deservedly encored.

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The Officers of the Pioneer (who by the bye are always 'At Home') also gave an entertainment the same evening and few if any were asleep, when the sonorous Gong proclaimed the arrival of 'Father Christmas.

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The floe during the day presented quite an animated appearance, but particularly so towards noon when dark masses of men, might have been observed wending their way towards the 'Resolute'.—
We took the same direction—went below—but fancy our feelings, if it be possible—on finding nearly all the Officers of the Squadron assembled in the Gun Room partaking of—What! Champagne? No! Hock? No!—Burgundy? No!—Nothing more or less than Gin and Ginger bread!!! brought from England especially for this occasion by _____?

We resolved to publish it to the world & mentally exclaimed with the Poet—

'A Chiel's amang you taking notes,
And faith he'll prent it'—

But here our spirits forsook us— Our feelings were overcome, or nearly so for we perfectly remember struggling against the dreadful remedy they wished to apply, but notwithstanding our most strenuous efforts— we found on recovering, a 'Ginny' flavour in our mouths— What could we do?— Challenge them to Mortal Combat on the floe, with Ship's Rifles?— but then perhaps they'd have come— so we left them, obliged to pocket the insult— and three pieces of Gingerbread—

Our lower deck was decorated with great effect by the seamen, who with Flags formed each mess into a bunting bower, where Fresh Beef— Plum puddings, Cakes &c, &c, adorned with Paper-flags) were strewn in great profusion— Nor were Chandeliers, or transparencies with appropriate devices wanting, but good taste prevailed on every side.

Two Messes; Marines in the one, & Sailors in the other, fraternized on this occasion, which produced the following lines from the pen of William Sweeny (able Seaman).

'Here Royals & Johnnies are dining together
(It is Christmas to day with very cold weather)
On roast Beef & plum pudding, the best in the town,

The Officer's Dinner.

At 3 30 P.M. all the Officers, including Captain Austin, sat down to a substantial dinner in the Gun Room of the 'Resolute'. We almost feel inclined to mention the various dishes, which amounted to no-fewer than 22!— We cannot however refrain from speaking in the highest terms of the Fresh Beef & Mutton killed in June last! and in almost as perfect a state as any we ever tasted.

The Cloth being removed, the first toast of the Navy, 'The Queen' was proposed (by the President— Lieut. Aldrich) & responded to, with all the honors by as loyal a body of subjects, as any Her Majesty can boast of. Band— 'God save the Queen'.—

2nd Toast— 'Prince Albert— Prince of Wales, & the rest of the Royal family'— was received with great enthusiasm.

3rd Toast— 'The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty' was drank with great applause.—

Band— 'Rule Brittania'.—

4th Toast— 'The Expedition's emp.d in search of Sir John Franklin— including the one which precedes us, & not forgetting our friends the 'Americans'.—

Band— 'Cheer up my lads'.

Other toasts followed in rapid succession, among them were the following, which were rec.d with the most enthusiastic cheers— 'The Artillery Corps' Band— 'The British Grenadiers'— 'The Marine Corps'— Band 'See the Conquering Hero comes'— by Capt.n Austin 'Lady Franklin & the wives of the Officers & Men of the missing Expedition'— 'Mrs Austin' (Capt.n Austin

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'Here Royals & Johnnies are dining together
(It is Christmas to day with very cold weather)
'On roast Beef, & plum-pudding, the best in the town,
'With a drop of good Grog we will wash it all down.

'Let us hope that next Christmas we all may be home,
'With Sir John & his Comrades for whom we have come,
'Resolution's success! - so will all do our best
'At the Wheel, at the Sleigh or in the Crow's Nest.

can boast of Band - 'God save the Queen' -
2nd Toast - 'Prince Albert - Prince of Wales, & the rest of the Royal family' - was received with great enthusiasm
3rd Toast - 'The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty' was drank with great applause. -
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C. F. McD.

IMAGE EVALUATION
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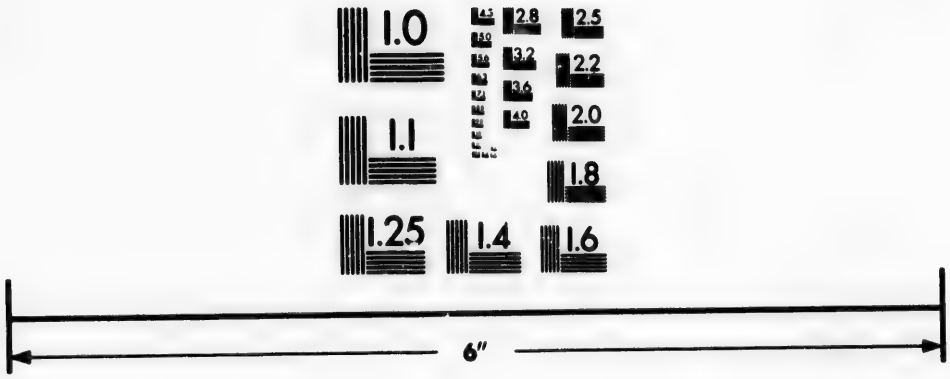

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ROYAL ARCTIC THEATRE.

Ich Dien

H.M.S. ASSISTANCE.

Manager. Capt.n Ommanney.

Patronised by Capt.n Horatio Austin C.B.

GRAND ATTRACTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

On Thursday, the 9th of January, 1851, the Favorite Actors of the Ships Companies present will perform the truly laughable

FARCE OF THE

TURNED HEAD.

To be followed by the Grand Farcical, Tragical Melo-dramatical, Serio-Comic

PLAY OF

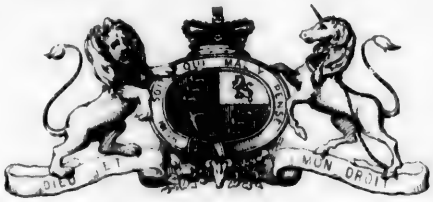
BOMBASTES FURIOSO!!!

which will be produced by the Officers of the Squadron. The only Lady in this piece has been engaged at an Enormous Sacrifice, it being her first appearance on any Stage!!

The whole to conclude with the entirely

NEW PANTOMIME OF

ZERO!



ROYAL INTREPID SALOON.

GRAND ATTRACTION!!!

On Friday, January the 17th 1851, the Performance will commence with the celebrated Gallantic Show of

MOVING FIGURES!!

And conclude with the

LIFE OF A SAILOR!!

in Six Steps.—

Several Comic Songs will be sung between the performances.—

The following Talented Company will appear.

Mess.rs Lewis, Urquhart, and T. H. Morgan

Doors open at 6 o'clock.—Commence at 6.30.—

N. B. Children in arms not admitted.

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The whole to conclude with the entirely

NEW PANTOMIME OF

ZERO!

OR HARLEQUIN LIGHT!!

Written expressly for the occasion by a talented member of the expedition, In which the celebrated Clowns will introduce some of their favorite airs.

Doors open at 6 o'Clock. — Commence at 6_30.

---

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N. B. The large type headings as well as the Arms and devices were cut on board by the Seamen.

THE

ILLUSTRATED ARCTIC NEWS.

No IV. "TUTO ET SINE METU" JAN^Y 31. 1851.

And now the Daylight comes, slowly it rides,
In ruddy lustre o'er the cloudy tides,
Like the soft foam, upon the billows breast,
Or feathery light, upon a shadowy crest:
The Vernal breezes from their slumbers wake,
And o'er the distant hill tops cheerly shake,
Their dewy locks, and plume themselves, & poise
Their rosy wings.

* * * * * *

Now comes the Sun forth! not in blaze of fire,
With rainbow harnessed Courses that respire,
An atmosphere of flame!

* * * No chargers in array
Scatter through heaven & earth their fiery spray,
No shouting Charioteer, in transport flings
Ten thousand Anthems, from tumultuous strings.

* * * * * *

No! No! he comes not thus in pomp and light,
A new Creation bursting out of night—
But he comes darkly forth in storm arrayed
Like the red tempest marshalled in her shade,
When Mountains rock ——— ---

Neale

Is there amongst us, one whose heart does not leap with fervent gratitude at the return of Light? No! assuredly not—we all must feel that it, Heaven's first born—blest harbinger of returning Summer,—is replete with bright hopes and anticipations for each and all of us.

A fresh gale after a long calm—Land after a dreary voyage—and sweeter still, Home! Peace! after buffetting in the

It is light after darkness—It is indeed after so long a night a renewal of life—

Fain would we impart to others the elasticity of spirits—the re invigoration of hope wrought in us by the fresh flood of health coursing in our veins.

Saddened we grant we were as 1850 drew its sombre shroud around us at the futility of our exertions during that season, to reach our suffering Countrymen—As the arch of sunlight overhead daily diminished, and the black North scowled more & more lowering on us, we could not but think of those, who for the sixth time had seen the Sun quit their Heaven, & we felt with the Poet—

"The ample proposition that Hope makes
In all designs begun on Earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness."

Yet will we not avoid her rose-strewed path—She, the brightest and fairest, of weak man's triple virtues whispers Hope! Aye! that we do, and moreover we believe! Our mission was to save Life—and Life will be saved!

Ye less hopeful envy us not, if you cannot participate in what we feel, we would

With rainbow harnessed Courses that respire,
An atmosphere of flame!

* * * No chargers in array
Scatter through heaven & earth, their fiery spray,
No shouting Charioteer, in transport flings
Ten thousand Anthems from tumultuous strings.

* * * * * *

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A fresh gale after a long calm—and after a dreary voyage—and sweeter still, Home! Peace! after buffetting in the 'World's broad field of battle', were, we once thought Earth's richest blessings.— Are we wrong in saying that there is yet another second to none and which perhaps far more than any other calls the contemplative mind from 'Nature to Nature's God'?— drew its sombre shroud around us, at the fubility of our exertions during that season, to reach our suffering Countrymen— As the arch of sunlight overhead daily diminished, and the black North scowled more & more lowering on us, we could not but think of those, who for the sixth time had seen the Sun quit their Heaven & we felt with the Poet—

'The ample proposition that Hope makes
In all designs begun on Earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness.'

Yet will we not avoid her rose-strewed path— She, the brightest and fairest, of weak man's triple virtues whispers Hope! Aye! that we do, and moreover we believe! Our mission was to save Life—and Life will be saved!—

Ye less hopeful envy us not, if you cannot participate in what we feel, we would rather sorrow with disappointment, than lack the joy of so bright an anticipation.

With the Stoic prepared for disaster we have no sympathy, yet we would ask him, is he proof to the charms of

Imagination on every side? Does not 1851 contain even within its short span many a joyful expectation! many a rainbowed tinted project!—

Hast thou no gentle whisperings when alone, and communing with thy self, and building those fairy Castles, which have so often fallen?—

Does not

'The beloved—the true hearted
'Come to visit thee once more
'With a slow and noiseless foot step
'Comes that Messenger divine
'Takes the vacant Chair beside thee
'Lays her gentle hand in thine.

Yes! Yes! blush not—it was of Home, Peace and Love! she whispered; May God send thee friend a bright realization but scorn him not whose Imagination leads him elsewhere.

Both will equally well do their duty! Both will exclaim "His will be done!"

Hailing with all heart felt gladness the return of day we would not have it supposed we couple the past period of ninety days with sadness, as well as night—far from it for, apart from the pleasant recollections associated with every Christmas day, and the pure consolation, which indulgent Memory loves to throw around every hour of that time honoured Season, with the thought—They are thinking of thee, we sincerely believe that in after years few of our past Christmas days will be remembered Should we have returned to England and this our little community have dispersed,—only perhaps to meet in some remote quarter of the globe!—We pledge them not to forget in a bumper, the merry Christmas and Happy New Year of 1851, and Health & Happiness to all who enjoyed it with us in the Expedition of 1850.

S.O

ARCTIC SKETCHES.

WATER CARRIERS.

THE SAILORS BED.

HE places on board Ship which were appropriated for the purpose of Sleep previous to the discovery of America, were inconvenient in the extreme and subjected the occupant to all the rolling & pitching motion of the Vessel.

No mention however is made of any such places in the Ark, and Chrysor one of the antedeluvian patriarchs, who according to Suchomatto the Phœnician historian, was the first man that ever trusted himself on the great deep—probably made use of the bottom of the

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Should we pass another winter in the Frigid zone, we sincerely trust it may be spent as the past one has been, in mutual kindness and good-will.

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CHRYSOR BEFORE THE FLOOD

Couches appointed for the accomodation of the votaries of Morpheus, must be referred to a period subsequent to the universal deluge.

Neither the Expedition of the

Argonauts or any of the Phœnician Navigators possessed better sleeping accommodation, and many were the inconveniences arising therefrom. The Fleets of the Saracens, Venetians & Normans suffered the same discomfort, and it was doubtless on account of the hardness of the Bed, and the violent motion of the Vessel, that our own Henry II was visited by that disagreeable nightmare, concerning Priests, Soldiers, and Peasants, which caused his Royal conscience so much discomfort.

The terrible dream of the Duke of Clarence was also probably produced by the misery of the Sea Voyage, and when he says

Oh! Lord, me thought what pain it was to drown,
What dreadful noise of water in my ears
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes

He is merely describing the disagreeable sensations which are felt in a standing bed place, while in a dozing state just previous to falling off to sleep.

Another great drawback to the comforts of a standing bed place, was the danger of being precipitated from a height of 3 or 4 feet on the deck, or as Virgil describes—

A

Such were only a few of the inconveniences encountered by those who attempted to bottle off any quantity of sleep on board Ship previous to the beginning of the 16th Century. It was then that the great Navigator Columbus conceived those ideas which he had gleaned in his youth from the writings of Ctesias, Nearchus & Marco Polo, and which he afterwards so nobly executed.

Among the novel habits & customs of the West Indian Islanders which attracted the attention of that enlightened man, the mode of sleeping in bags, suspended from the branches of trees, for the purpose of avoiding the reptiles which abound in their forests, was the most remarkable,

and from which he conceived that noble idea, which some years afterwards was put to such practical utility in the adoption of a new system of sleeping places.

The name 'Hammock' is derived from the Indian word 'Hamaca'. They were first used in Columbus third voyage, and it is well known that the

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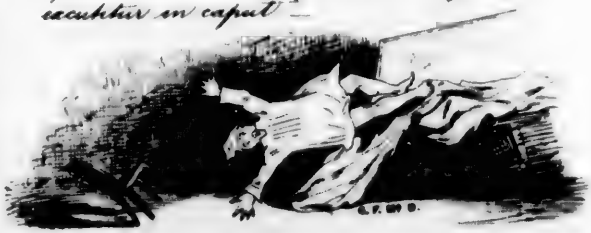
"Tum prora avertit, et undis,
dat latus; insequitur cumulo præruptus
aquæ mons ——— promusque magister
excubitur in caput"



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The name 'Hammock' is derived from the Indian word 'Hamaca' — They were first used in Columbus's third voyage, and it is well known that the crews of the vessels employed in that Expedition, enjoyed more repose than any other sea-faring persons since the days of Chrysor, the great grandson of Cain. The use of Hammocks was soon disseminated over the

maritime countries of Europe, but it was not until the days of Cromwell that they were generally adopted in the English Navy, and the continued hostility of Elizabeth and Philip II will in some measure account for the delay in introducing this most important alteration for the comfort of English Seamen & Marines which has added so essentially to sound sleep & happy dreams.

C. M.

C.F McD.

SITUATION OF H.M.S. RESOLUTE — MELVILLE BAY — JULY 29 — 1850.

The above sketch represents the position of H. M. S. "Resolute" in Melville Bay when severely nipped between two extensive fields of Ice during a heavy S.W. Gale — The pressure was such as to raise the Ship 14 inches causing her Masts to wave to & fro, whilst the pitch & Oakum in many places was started from the seams in the deck. All the bells in the Ship were set in motion as if they were sounding the funereal knell of the poor old "Resolute", but the old Craft was not yet doomed !! —

EREBUS AND TERROR BAY.

UNDER some such name will be long remembered by English men & the world in general that noble harbour, in which without doubt Franklins squadron spent their first Arctic Winter — God send that it the first and only [illegible]

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EREBUS AND TERROR BAY.

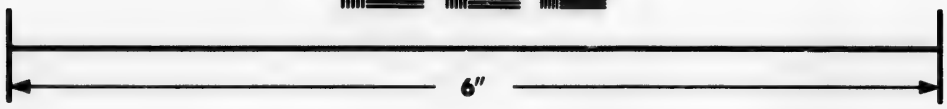
UNDER some such name will be long remembered by English men, & the world in general, that noble harbour, in which without doubt Franklin's squadron spent their first Arctic Winter — God send that it, the first and only trace of their voyage Westward, may have more pleasing associations than the painful uncertainty under which we all at present labour.

Be that as it may, the interest attached to the scene of Franklin's first resting place, must and will be deep, and absorbing, not only to those their relatives who have long watched & prayed for them but likewise amongst that great body, who feel with ourselves, that a Nation's honor is involved in the search for her missing Sons.

Anxious therefore that our knowledge of that spot may be perfect, and to entitle ourselves to the right of calling upon all who possess a mite in the shape of <u>observation</u>, to throw it into the common stock, we publish what we know, court assistance & request correction.

At Cape Riley, H.M.S. 'Assistance'

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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and Intrepid (of the Naval Expedition under Captn H. T. Austin) first picked up the clue of the missing Expedition, in numerous traces, and the remains of a small encampment. The Cairn on the top of Beechey Island was then searched, but no record was discovered.

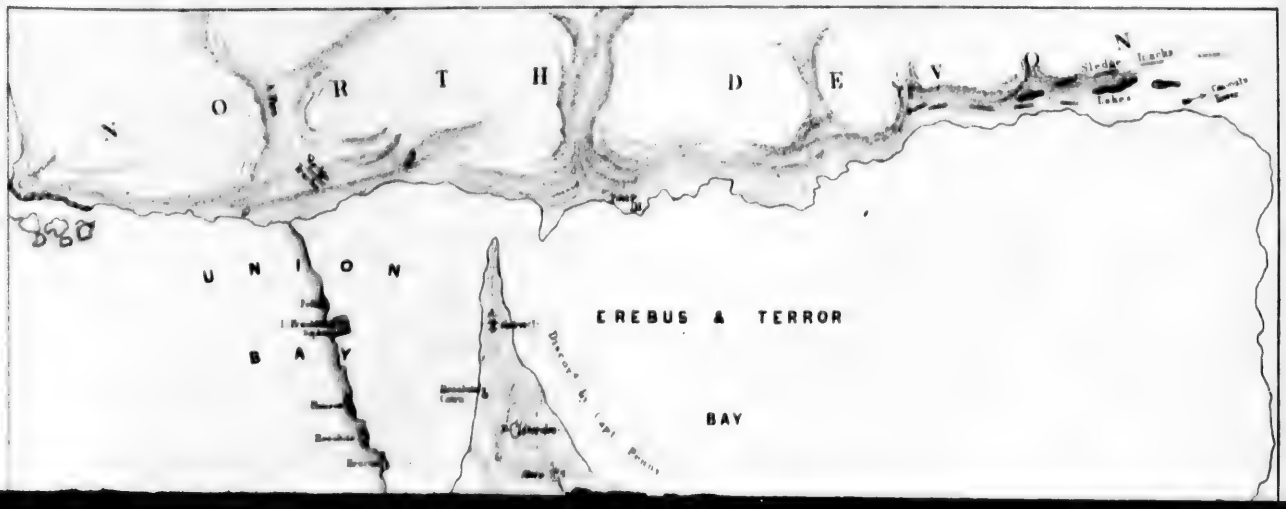
The next trace found was at Cape Spenser, in Wellington Channel, by Captn Penny. It consisted of the carefully paved floor of a temporary hut or Tent, and bones of Birds in large quantities — showing that a party must have been there some time. Sledge marks, pointing Northwards, were also found; The American Officers followed these up, and lost them, one day's journey beyond Cape Innis, at which place a piece of Newspaper, & a bottle was found.

The Winter quarters were next discovered by Captn Penny's Brigs. We will describe it as we saw it. On our arrival shortly afterwards in H.M.S. Resolute & Pioneer. —

The spot A, had been much disturbed but enough was left to show that a series of layers of preserved Meat Canisters, filled with earth had been formed into a remarkably firm foundation, either for an astronomical observatory, or else (from its position) probably as a Cairn to direct the Cape Spenser travelling parties, an idea that struck us when looking at it from the Sledge track on the north side of Union Bay. —

The garden B, was a small oval enclosed by a neatly formed border of Moss. The Mould evidently brought from some more fertile spot, was dug up, and heaped in wild confusion; — for anxious hands had been even there seeking to find some clue to the direction the last Expedition had taken.

Another few hundred yards S.we stood on the foundation of the Store or Workshop C, it was startingly painful to see such apparently recent



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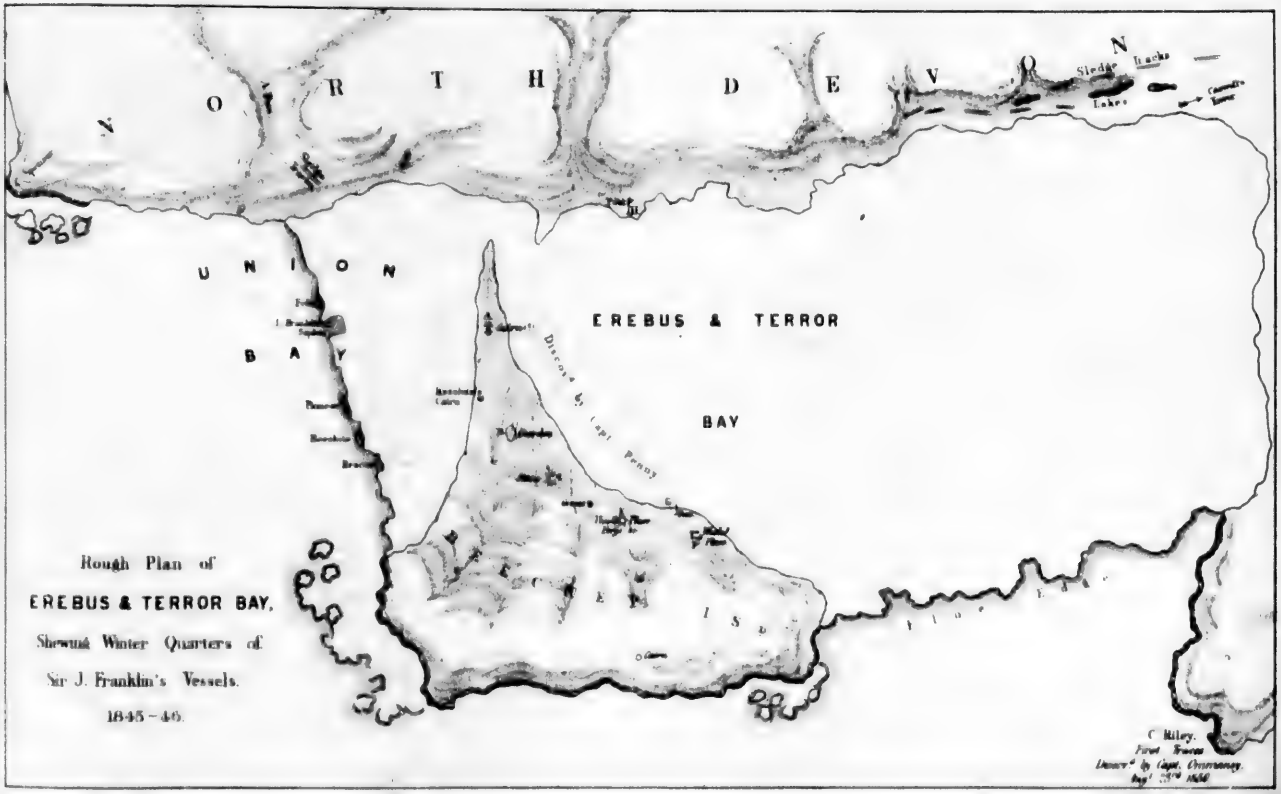
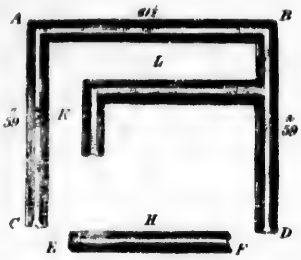


traces on all sides as here met the eye. Coal Sacks – Wood Shavings – pieces of Canvass and Rope – all considerably bleached or weather worn.

The interest attached to these inanimate objects was deep, yet harrowing –

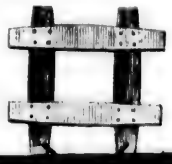


The sides AB & CD = 61½ ft.
" AC & BD = 59 "
E&F – Doorways. –
H – A mass of frozen Shavings. Carpenters Workshop?!
KL Interior embankment, enclosing a space apparently for stowage.

The embankments were about 5 feet through at the base, & tapered up to a height of 3 feet – into these posts had been sunk, (Oak or Elm quartering) to support the superstructure – Some of the posts had been removed by the short process of cutting them down with an axe, – the remnant being left in the embankment.

The graves of which we gave a correct sketch, & likewise copies of the Epitaphs in our first number, were very neatly finished. The Headboards 3 & 4 inches thick deeply carved. Slabs of slaty Limestone placed round the grave boulder at the feet, and the whole carefully finished with small pebbles & shingle.

A curious sledge for transporting Stones – a mass of which lay by it was formed (as in the annexed sketch) of four



neighbouring glaciers – At this latter spot we found a flannel and a pair of Officers Kerseymere gloves spread out to dry; the stones placed to prevent them blowing away, were still on them, the flannel was perfectly rotten, the gloves almost equally so.

At Points G&H two pikes were found, the one at the former point was erect with a finger nailed on it, the other was blown down, & had no finger or hand.

It was conjectured that they were direction posts to guide travellers to the vessels.

On both sides of the Harbour, viz: under Beechey Island, & within Cape Riley – as well as near some pygmy lakes at the North end of the harbour, the traces of shooting parties were numerous, here a Porter bottle, there, Cooper's Roast Veal Tins – then a heap of Dovekies bones, & scraps of Arctic Hare skin showed that pleasure had had somewhat to do with the parties at these spots.

Beechey Island C. Spencer C. Riley G F M'D

Avoiding all hypothesis or opinion we will conclude this subject by saying that the Sledge tracks were deep & well defined although over shingle – those towards

[illegible] to a height of 3 feet — into these posts had been sunk (Oak or Elm quartering) to support the superstructure — Some of the posts had been removed by the short process of cutting them down with an axe, — the remnant being left in the embankment.

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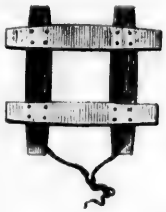
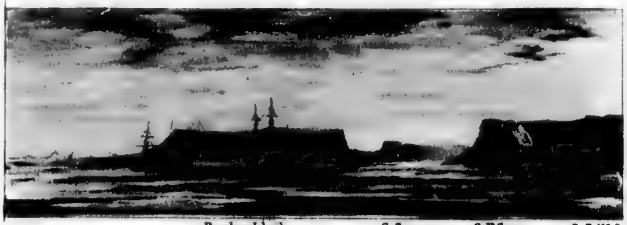
A curious sledge for transporting Stones — a mass of which lay by it, was formed (as in the annexed sketch) of four Cask staves —



The forge B. with its scrap & dust heap was close by one of the washing & drying grounds — The second washing place F. was about 400 yards farther on — they were both situated beside gullies, down which ran the waters of small as near some pigmy lakes at the North end of the harbour, the traces of shooting parties were numerous, here a Porter bottle, there, Cooper's Roast Veal Tins — then a heap of Dovekies bones, & scraps of Arctic Hare skin showed that pleasure had had somewhat to do with the parties at these spots.



Beechey Island C. Spencer C. Riley G. F. Mc D

Avoiding all hypothesis or opinion we will conclude this subject by saying that the Sledge tracks were deep & well defined, although over shingle — those towards Caswells Tower were the most marked. they were traced for some two miles, and lost in consequence of a thick snow storm coming on. Either two sledges had taken this route or else the party in returning had taken a line almost parallel to their outward course.

It is worthy of remark that the state of the flat country, doubtless from the thawing snow &c, had apparently forced Franklin's travellers to take to the higher beaches, or terraces, which in North Devon as well as about us, form such a marked feature in the structure of the land.

S.O.

ARCTIC SKETCHES.

SCENE—WINTER QUARTERS — TIME, 6. A.M.

I say—What sort of a morning is it—eh?
Oh! Stunning!—only 25°—and we've been
Obliged to Ventilate.
Ah! I thought so—its down to zero in my Cabin
and my Macassar's solid.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Behold those gallant Ships, from their
Anchors now set free,
How gallantly & steadily they cleave
the watery main,
Bearing their noble Crews far, far
beyond the Sea,
From Country, Home, & Friends, they
ne'er might see again
And now the land is distant, every eye
is strained to see

LETTER No 3.—From our Anonymous Correspondent.

Much loved Penelope,

I have just returned from visiting, as is my daily custom your Fox trap—Yes! it is yours—already have I no less than four skins, and with the addition of about another dozen, I question not your Bridal Boa—(you know love we shall be married in November) will be made of Arctic Fox skins.—

That poor nose which you have so often vowed you loved, has been sadly bitten by the frost, but still I am told preserves its original shape, would that your fairy self were here, to make for it, what has been denominated a 'Jib Cover'.—

My promise to your respected Mamma of three Bear skins has been ever in my mind. She could never, I feel certain, have dreamt of the risk such a promise entailed on her future son-in-law. As yet my endeavours have only been rewarded by one, altho' I have even burnt red herrings in a Lanthorn to bring them around me.

You are, believe me never absent from my thoughts & I can only say that my Cabin is filled with proofs of constant and ardent affection.

AN ARDENT ATTACHMENT TO A SEVEN BELLER.*

SCENE—WINTER QUARTERS — TIME, 6. A.M.

I say—What sort of a morning is it—eh?
Oh! Stunning!—only 28°—and were been
obliged to Ventilate.
Ah! I thought so—its down to zero in my Cabin
and my Macassar's solid.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Behold those gallant Ships, from their
Anchors now set free,
How gallantly & steadily they cleave
the watery main,
Bearing their noble Crews far, far
beyond the Sea,—
From Country, Home, & Friends, they
neir might see again—
And now the land is distant, every eye
is strained to see
The last of that dear Shore, containing
all they love
And as they stand & gaze, till it sinks
beneath the Sea,
They offer up a prayer for them, to Him
who reigns above.

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My promise to your respected Mamma of three Bear skins has been ever in my mind. She could never, I feel certain, have dreamt of the risk such a promise entailed on her future son-in-law. As yet my endeavours have only been rewarded by one, altho' I have even burnt red herrings in a Lanthorn to bring them around me.

You are, believe me, never absent from my thoughts, & I can only say that my Cabin is filled with proofs of constant and ardent affection.

AN ARDENT ATTACHMENT TO A SEVEN BELLER.*

The tame Loom is fast learning to pronounce your name—the Greenland Dove whistles 'Cherry Ripe' from his little Cage—the bulkheads are covered with Silk, and Satin, plays, and Casino bills—the Collection of Plants, Shells, & Insects—

---

*A term applied to engaged but unmarried men.

is very nearly complete. I copy every month by number of the "Illustrated Arctic News" and "Aurora Borealis" for your amusement I record all the funny sayings and witticisms of our Mess for your gratification, and all, all I ask in return my own Penelope, is that you do not dance too often with your Dragoon Cousin, Lionel! . . . . . There are some wags in our squadron who amuse themselves at the expense of happy men like myself. I heed little their nonsense, though it is annoying to be reminded that of my affection cannot be put to the proof by the temptations arising from the Society of other petticoats still that your case is widely different

They hint that the Horse Guards were about to issue moustaches to the Infantry and that Cornets pay was to be increased — I tremble dearest to think that such additional charms might even shake, but no! no!! your portrait before which I daily shave, smiles and I feel re assured.

Do not think I am to blame for not writing by the "North Star" I had the letters No's 1 & 2 all ready and fancying her had to do (in Lancaster Sound as I did in Baffin's Bay) put them in a preserved meat Canister. Oh how often have I envied the Concentrated Soup & wished I could so reduce my bulk as to float home on the billow to love and thee!

My brother seven tellers and I hold sweet converse upon the subject of the happiness you have in store for us (say) . . . . . .

You would be shocked could you hear them discussing the various Young Ladies who so kindly came to bid them adieu, "Jolly little girl" — says one — "Too round in the shoulders — give me the tall one, she was a stunner!" replies the shortest member of the mess — I pity your taste is the rejoinder she was straight up and down like a yard of pump water — "Hang me" says a voice from the depth of a comforter — "I'd be sorry to keep that white faced beauty in Bonnets. No! nor that fat girl in Beefsteaks & Stout!" chimes in another

"Women! tush — lisps out a third, here am I out to please a girl who will only marry a hero! I have not been thoroughly warm for three months, those precious welsh wigs are rubbing off all my hair, my feet are getting daily larger and if turned into a Turnip field I feel I could eat Nebuchadnezzar himself — you are right my boy says the Mess female fascinator, and I verily believe that all the ugly women in England were sent to see us off in order that we might be reconciled to leaving it.

Now all this is mighty agreeable to your own dear Alfred I repeat it, in order that you may see how wrong it would be visiting any Vessels during my absence and how impossible it will be for me as you once suggested to search for a N.E. passage after I am once yours × × × ×

——— Here the M S S fails. ———

by different

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My brother seven tellers and I hold sweet converse, upon the subject of the happiness you have in store for us, lay rosy plans for the future, and laugh at the "Cold Shoulder of Mutton" pleasantries of the unengaged.

marry a hero! I have not been thoroughly warm for three months, those precious welsh wigs are rubbing off all my hair, my feet are getting daily larger, and if turned into a Turnip field, I feel I could beat Nebuchadnezzar himself. you are right my boy says the Mess female fascinator, and I verily believe that all the ugly women in England were sent to see us off, in order that we might be reconciled to leaving it.

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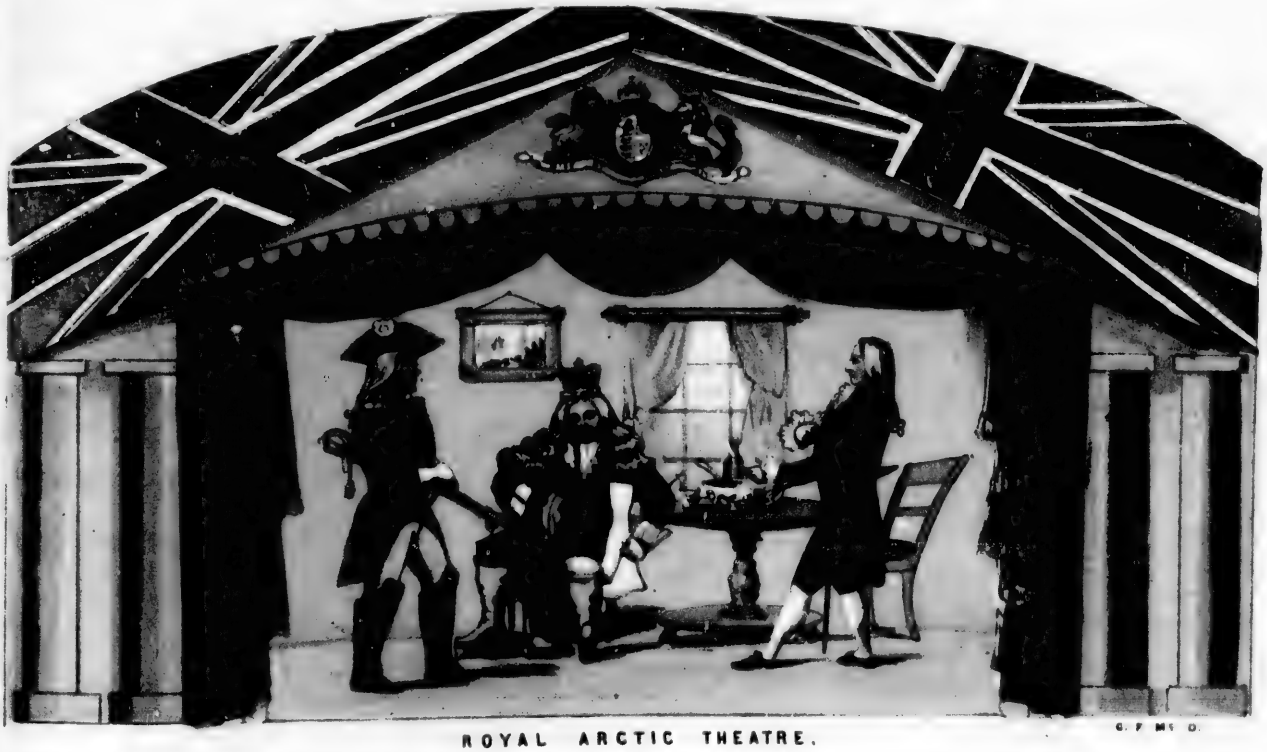
EDITORS PORTFOLIO.

JANUARY, 1851 has gone by — the first milestone on our journey towards another Christ — that it has passed quickly and pleasantly all the squadron could attest, and nothing perhaps has conduced more to throw cheerfulness around us than the daily perceptible increase of daylight How delightful it has been to observe with every fresh day some distant point of land return again to view, after having been hidden in obscurity for weeks, how interesting to hear daily each individual repeating some fact which proved satisfactorily to his own mind that the days were indeed lengthening

From New Years Eve to Twelfth night we are under the impression that we nearly lived at the hospitable board of the gallant leader of our Expedition hospitality which (we are merely the voice of the public in proclaiming it) seems only to be limited by the number of Chairs in the 'Resolute' and the size of the Cabin

On each occasion was pledged with sincerity the health of Her Majesty



ROYAL ARCTIC THEATRE.

Scene from "Bombastes Furioso."

the Queen Her Consort and Ministers, the Navy and those at home who both publicly and privately had tended so much to whom the happiness of the absent depend last (at not least) we pledged our brother Sailors now wintering within the Arctic

ROYAL ARCTIC THEATRE.

C. F. McD.

Scene from "Bombastes Furioso."

The Queen! Her Consort and Ministers, the Admiralty and those at home who both officially and privately had tended so much to the success of our enterprise, our safety our comfort.

Absent Friends! would they could have heard the cheer that followed, it told volumes for the health and happiness of those upon whom the happiness of the absent depend last but not least we pledged our brother Sailors now wintering within the Arctic Circle God send that they have spent an equally happy winter and if those who entered by Behrings Straits have rescued the gallant men we came to seek pleasing indeed for us as well as them will be the recollection in after years of the Winter 1850.

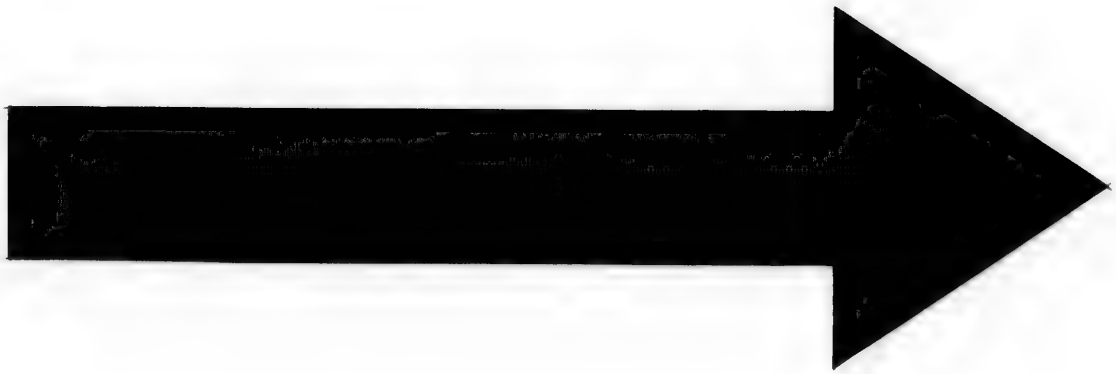


IMAGE EVALUATION
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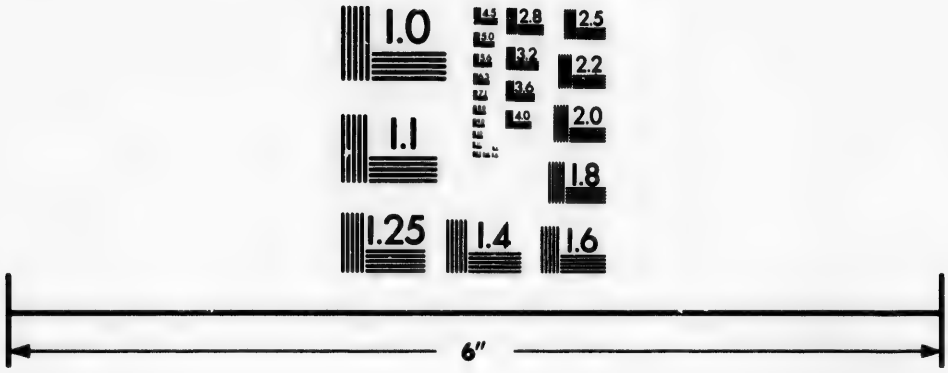

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Admirably as we believe all have succeeded in shaking off the tedium of a night of three months' duration — there was one evening especially worthy of remark — we feel assured it will never be forgot by any one in this expedition — we allude to the re-opening of the Royal Arctic Theatre on the 9th inst.

The Curtain rose for the well known Farce of the 'Turned Head', the Characters in which were ably supported by Seamen & Marines. —

The famous Extravaganza of Bombastes Furioso, was next performed by Officers — the cast of Characters was as follows:-

King Artaxomenous, — Mr Brookman
Fusbos, — Mr Markham.
Bombastes, — Lt Elliot.
Distaffina, — Mr Cheyne

We hardly know which to applaud most, the admirable manner in which the piece was brought on the Stage — the comic magnificence of the dresses, or the thorough appreciation of the Characters assumed by those Officers who so kindly came forward to conduce to the amusement of their comrades

Sincerely do we thank them for as hearty a laugh, as ever we had in our lives This rich entertainment closed with an original Pantomime, from the pen of especially the one which our worthy cotemporary the "Aurora Borealis", has, with its usual good taste introduced in its January number, and we can only wish that the Author may succeed equally well in all he undertakes. — The back scene during the Pantomime was an Artistic representation of H.M.S. 'Assistance', in a Nip — every way worthy of the well-established reputation of the Painter, Lieut.t Browne.

The able remarks of the 'Aurora' on the performances at another place of public amusement, the 'Intrepid Saloon', we heartily concur in, and wish the lessee crowded houses, and unparalleled success!

A slight interregnum has now occurred in the round of our festivities, shortly to be broken by a Fancy dress Ball at the Royal Arctic Casino. We feel ourselves justified in declaring that it will be crowded by all the youth rank & beauty of Griffith's Island — the deep interest taken by some individuals in the parts they intend to assume, we became fully aware of, on scaling a Ravine some three miles off, & finding a somewhat stout brother Officer practising Clowns antics on a Snow drift, with the temperature about 42° below zero. We remonstrated with our friend, but finding him obstinate, we determined thus to expose his folly.

Our correspondents deserve our best

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Sincerely do we thank them for as hearty a laugh, as ever we had in our lives. This rich entertainment closed with an original Pantomime, from the pen of Mr Ede, of H.M.S. 'Assistance'. – We feel a natural diffidence in criticising the performance of a friend, but this we must say that it was admirable, & the Songs introduced in it told with great effect –

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Our correspondents deserve our best thanks for their Contributions, & we wish them & our Readers

A MERRY SUNRISE.

ADVERTISEMENT.—

Fifty Pounds Sterling of the Current Coin of these Realms, payable at the North Polar Bank will be given by Zero, the Grand Vizier of the Poles, to any person or persons, who shall write the best articles, on each, or either, or all of the following subjects, viz:—

1.— On the Ventilation of Ships wintering in the Arctic Regions. N.B.— The mode of regulating the supply of fresh air to Sylvester's Warming Apparatus, to be gone into thoroughly.—

2.— The effect of light on the human system, especially as to how it affects sleeping at night.

3. The freezing of Mercury.—

Conditions.

1. They shall appear in one or both of the Arctic Newspapers at the discretion of the writers.—

2.— Each article to be sufficiently brief to admit of its occupying no more than one page of the 'Illustrated' or four pages of the 'Aurora'

3. The umpires shall be 'Foul Air', 'Jack Frost' and 'Minus Fifty'.—

(By command of the Vizier)

Barny Buntline,
Secretary.

P.S.— Barny Buntline has laid the clever production of Tomeritas before His Highness.

'A plant deprived of sunny rays,
Is pale and sickly seen—
The Sun's been gone near ninety days
Still some of us are green'.—

HINTS TO ARCTIC TRAVELLERS.

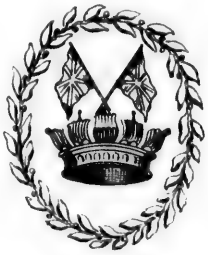
In walking across the floe in any direction, it may be observed that the snow which lies upon it, is arranged in a particular manner— Baron Wrangel in his journey along the shores of the Arctic Seas, observes that the Natives of Northern

By way of making the subject clear to those for whom this short article is intended, we will suppose a heavy fall of snow takes place on the floe, which surrounds the Ships, & that soon after a high wind comes on— The particles of snow will soon drift away before the wind and in their progress will be arrested here & there, & form hard, crisp, wave-like ridges (sastrugi of Wrangell) which point in the direction of the wind

Now in most parts of the world there is a prevailing wind— such is the case here, it is that from the N.W.— Consequently the before mentioned ridges lie N.W. & S.E. and in course of time become large & permanent.—

When the wind blows strongly from any other quarter, or if there has been a fresh deposit, these ridges may be covered or hidden but they are not obliterated, for on clearing away the upper layers of snow, the same ridges will be found pointing as before.—

Observer. (R.G.A.)



SONGS OF THE NORTH.

Dedicated to Mr. Austin,

By the Authors.

No 4— Appeal to the Seamen & Marines of the Expedition.

(Sung by Lieut. R. D. Aldrich, at the close of the Royal Arctic Theatre March 4th 1851.)

Air.— 'Hearts of Oak'

Come, cheer up my lads! the season draws near
When all wish to strive, nor care where they steer;
In Humanity's cause, which may Providence bless,
And crown all our efforts, & toil with success,
(Chorus)— Our hearts are all stout, Our motto shall be
Ready! aye Ready!
To rescue our Comrades from dire misery

With Sledges well manned, and provisions in store
Will search Creek & Inlet of this barren Shore
For from Shipwreck, despair, or an untimely grave
'Tis a Briton's proud boast, to succour & save.

of its occupying no more than one page of the 'Illustrated' or four pages of the 'Aurora'.

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Secretary

P.S. – Barny Buntline has laid the clever production of 'Tomerites' before His Highness.

'A plant deprived of sunny rays,
Is pale and sickly seen –
The Sun's been gone near ninety days,
Still some of us are green' –

HINTS TO ARCTIC TRAVELLERS.

In walking across the floe in any direction, it may be observed that the snow which lies upon it, is arranged in a particular manner – Baron Wrangel in his journey along the shores of the Arctic Seas, observes that the Natives of Northern Siberia find their way across the snowy plains, by a knowledge of this fact (vide Wrangel's Expeditions to the Polar Sea – 2nd Ed. p. 144). –

We would call the attention of the Seamen & Marines of the Expedition to this subject, as under circumstances of fog, or snow drift, it may prove useful by enabling them to find their way back to the Ship, or to proceed to their destination.

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By the Authors.

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(Sung by Lieut. R. D. Aldrich, at the close of the Royal Arctic Theatre March 14th 1851.)

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With Sledges well manned, and provisions in store
We'll search Creek & Inlet of this barren Shore;
For from Shipwreck, despair, or an untimely grave
'Tis a Briton's proud boast, to succour & save.

And if by our aid, those we seek should once more
In health see again old England's lov'd shore
We'll make these bleak hills, with our loud cheers ring
And add another laurel to our Naval renown.

Then Friends, to our motto be constant & true,
Keep unsullied the honor confided to you;
To relieve the lost crews, let your minds all be bent
Oh! think on the glorious mission you're sent

G. F.

ILLUSTRATED ARCTIC NEWS.

No V. "TUTO ET SINE METU." MARCH 14. 1851.

THE Winter is past, and our labors cease exertion of a more active nature, than that of Quill, and Pencil, calls us and our Friends likewise elsewhere.

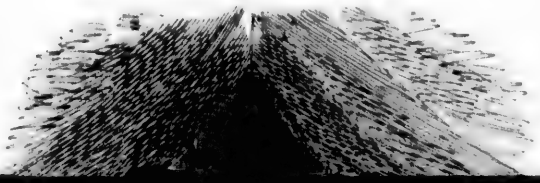
A novel and energetic attempt to search a foot a great extent of the Arctic Ocean is about to be put in execution. All that human foresight, and ingenuity could devise to insure a perfect equipment of the Travelling parties has, we all know, been done, and how thoroughly our gallant Leader has enlisted all our zeal and goodwill in the work before us, will, we question not, be proved in a glorious issue.

Every Man and Officer amongst us feels how much is expected of him, and knows full that where his duty calls him there can be best fulfil his Country's expectations.

The generous emulation pervading the Squadron, as to who shall, during the coming operations, as none the severest task is not a little pleasing. Yet we hardly know where that honorable post is to be found. Those who travel will have series, looking alone to the overflowing state of our contributions, & the steady and constant increase, evincing that we were gradually gaining on the goodwill and diffidence of our Readers. It is possible that in July we may issue a sixth number. In it we will introduce, with the permission of our Contributors any thing they may in the meanwhile favor us with, and should we spend a second Winter in the Arctic Regions, we hope for their kind support.

It has been our object to avoid giving annoyance or pain to a single person in the Squadron. We believe we have succeeded. Should we not have done so in any one case we trust the individual will kindly write, and inform us, and the offensive sketch or paragraph shall be immediately erased.

Friends! we bid you all a kind and hearty farewell!



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The generous emulation pervading the Squadron, as to who shall, during the coming operations, assume the severest task is not a little pleasing. Yet we hardly know where that honorable post is to be found. Those who travel will have hard work; those who remain, will have to toil severely, and have that worst of all burdens anxiety for their absent friends weighing upon their minds.

Our Five Numbers of the "Illustrated" might we feel certain, be extended to an unlimited

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THE ARCTIC COUCH

THE SAILOR'S DRAG.

A party of Jars in a jolly round hat
To the Shore for some gravel are going I wot
The sledge it is empty and smooth is the floe
And hark to the ditty they sing as they go
Cheerily we go, over the floe
And soon to old England, we all hope to go.

And well may those Jars feel light hearted & gay
For on them shines brightly the bright orb of day
Altho' in its absence there's been lots of fun
There are few but feel happy that work has begun
Cheerily we go, over the floe,
And soon to old England, we all hope to go.

But ere we go home, we've much yet to do,
Yes! Travellers our hopes are now centred in you,
And that you may succeed is the wish of each one
Then home to Old England we'll merrily run
Cheerily we'll sail, with a fresh gale
Yes! soon to old England, we all hope to sail

But alas! I'm diverging, how altered the scene!
The sledge is now loaded fill heavily I ween
Their belts are all strained, their walk is now slow
But still they continue to sing as they go;
Cheerily we go over the floe
And soon to old England, we all hope to go.

ARCTIC SKETCHES.

ARCTIC SKETCHES.

NORTHERN SPORTS.—TUMBLING ON THE ICE.

An Arctic Tale of Bygone days.

For 275 years English Nautical skill has been directed to the unknown regions situated between Greenland & Bherings Straits - during that lapse of time, no less than forty - one Expeditions, consisting either of one, or more Vessels have sailed to accomplish, but failed in achieving a N.W. passage, the two last Expeditions accepted. Their mission has been to seek the lost Squadron of Sir John Franklin. The impunity with which wretched ill-found Shallops and Pinnaces of 30 and 60 Tons, battled with the difficulties of Arctic Navigation, appears to have been almost miraculous, and unhappily for the sake of those we are now in search of, the hair breadth escapes of Vessels like the "Sunshine" and "Godspeed" seemed to have been looked upon by Arctic Authorities, as an argument in favor of the safety with which the Frozen North was to be navigated; an impressio

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ARCTIC SKETCHES.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

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In turning over the Chronological History of Arctic Voyages, I have been struck with

the fate of an ancient N. W. exploring expedition. Their mysterious loss, and the discovery of their fate in after years has a parallel in Franklin's case, and it may serve as an incentive to a severe and close scrutiny of every thing like a Harbour or sheltered spot during the forthcoming season.

In the year of Grace 1669, the Hudson Bay's Company was first incorporated, the influence of Prince Rupert obtaining them a Royal Charter as a reward for an attempt to discover a N. W. passage, "at their own cost and charges". Capt. Gillam (who founded Fort Churchill in Hudson's Bay) having commanded the said expedition.

Fifty years afterwards an old Servant of the Company in charge of the Nelson River Factory became thoroughly impressed with an idea, originating in Indian reports of Gold and Copper Mines existing in the unknown North, and appears to have determined to make his Masters rich "nolens volens".

Unlike the old Dame in the Nursery tale, the Honorable Company were content with the golden eggs they had got, and Governor Knight would never have been

This succeeded, and the "Albany" and "Discovery" under command of Captains Barlow and Vaughan, were placed under the sole direction of Governor Knight he being at the time Eighty years of age.

In 1719 this ill fated expedition sailed from Gravesend "to discover by God's permission the Straits of Anian and bring home a Cargo of Gold dust!" No intelligence having been again heard of them, a Vessel called the "Whalebone" John Scroggs sailed from Churchill River on the 22nd of June 1722, to seek for the missing Adventurers.

Capt. John Scroggs sailed along the West Coast of Hudson's Bay, and reached in Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome as far as the mouth of Wager River but seems to have quite lost sight of the object for which he was sent Northward that of rescuing his starving countrymen not discovery. Indeed on finding open water to the westward, he came to the conclusion that the missing expedition had succeeded in reaching the Pacific.

It was forty eight years before the mystery was cleared up! although in the meantime two other N. W. Expeditions had sailed up the Welcome, and returned in safety.

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Unlike the old Dame in the Nursery tale, the Honorable Company were content with the golden eggs they had got, and Governor Knight would never have been allowed to sail in quest of either a N.W. passage into the Great South Sea, or the mines of precious metals, had he not been of somewhat an obstinate disposition, and threatened to appeal for support to the Ministers of the Crown

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Some of the Company's Whale Boats in 1767, being in pursuit of Fish off Chesterfield Inlet, happened to enter a Harbour at the East end of Marble Island here they discovered on Shore the remains of a House, Guns

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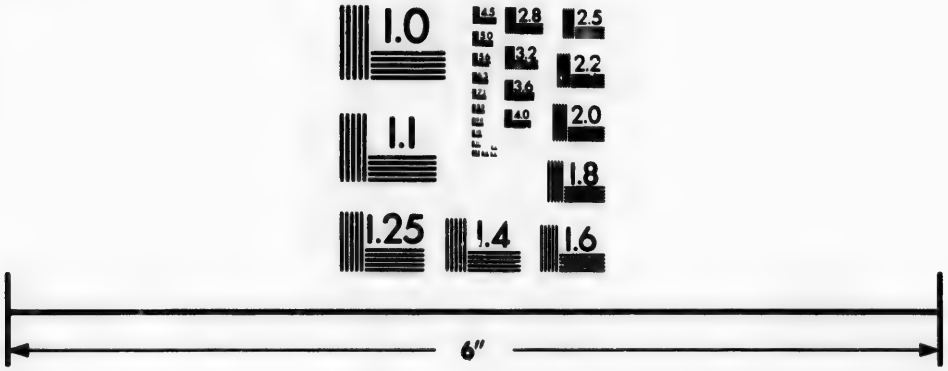

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anchors, bricks, an anvil &c. and the hulls or rather bottoms of two ships were found under water. Through the Esquimaux residing in the neighbourhood the melancholy tale of suffering undergone by the Officers and Crews of the Albany and Discovery, was soon told.

In the fall of 1719 these Ships had with great difficulty secured themselves in the Harbour. Next Summer the Esquimaux visited them the English men appeared to be reduced in numbers and looking unhealthy, they were then busy lengthening their long-boat. By the commencement of the Winter of 1720-21 the poor fellows were reduced sadly in numbers from famine and sickness, and during the Winter the Esquimaux supplied them with Whale blubber and Seal for food. By the Summer of 1721 only five of the English were alive and they were starving. The raw food given them by the Esquimaux which they swallowed uncooked, seems to have soon killed this small remnant and it is worthy of remark that the Armourer who the Esquimaux described as being constantly employed making and there weeping bitterly look forward to that relief which came not, - but from God.

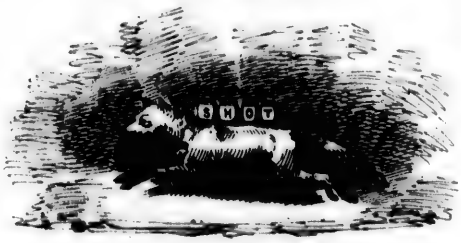
Hearne, from whom the Esquimaux Tale is received was under the impression that all the party perished by the Winter of 1721-22, or eighteen months after the period for which their vessels were probably victualled.

There is however always a difficulty in understanding from the Esquimaux, the comparative measurements of Time, and our authority has extended the sufferings of the Armourer, and some of his comrades over a space of thirteen years.

How certain is the fact that Scroggs in 1722 sailed past the spot wherein lay his Countrymen, - how painful the supposition; that had he kept the object of his voyage more in view, the life of even one individual might have been saved.

S.O.

ARCTIC SKETCHES.



A HEAVY LOAD.

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This poor soul, with a comrade, so said the Natives - used to ascend a Hill, which looked to the South & East, and one authority has extended the sufferings of the Armourer, and some of his comrades over a space of thirteen years.

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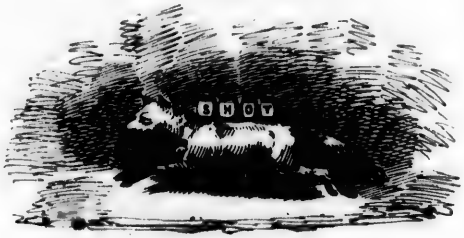

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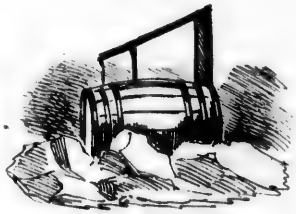
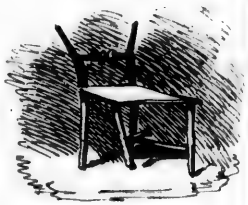


FOX TRAP.



MAN TRAP.

A TRIP TO BETHLEHEM.

by S.L.Q.

Still the same burning Sun! no Cloud in Heaven,
The Hot Air quivers – and the sultry mist –
Floats o'er the Desert with a show,
of distant Waters. –

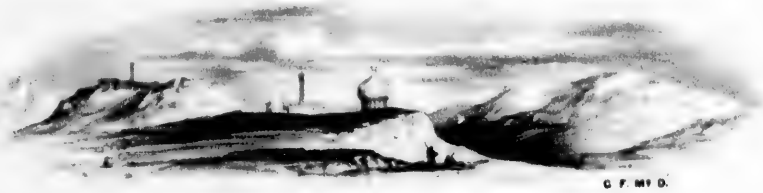
It was amid the dreary wastes of Judah, where not a cloud darkened the Heavens, not a Shrub peeped above the arid soil to gladden our eyes that the lines of our poet Southey came in full force upon our memory; a hemmlous atmosphere arose from the ground, and gave an appearance of Waters around us; and an oppression and sultriness existed the air, that made us long for our destination.

The Country through which we were then travelling, was one of utter dreariness; we had left the solitude clad Convent of the Valley of Engaddi behind, and were now journeying towards the village of Bethlehem.

On all sides we were surrounded with Biblical and Historical Associations that mysterious Sea over whose Waters no Bird dare skim; within whose bosom no Fish can live, lay, as if at our feet – bounded by the far mountains of Arabia. –
The curse of ages still lies heavily upon its bosom.

No 4. Bethlehem from the Wilderness of Judah Δ

To the Northward, the Mosque of Omar peeped above the waste of Hills



No 2. Jerusalem above the Wilderness of Judah Δ

whilst the Mons Regalis

were then travelling was one of utter | its bosom.

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whilst the Mons Regalis |

No 3. Mons Regalis from Wilderness of Judah. Δ

a witness of the last efforts of the Crusaders) and the Terebenthine Hills, limited the scene.

Oppressed by the Weather and | the thought which that gloomy sea had excited within us, we experienced real enjoyment when the walls of Bethlehem rose to our sight, and the anticipation

of hospitality and rest, – and of a visit to that Grotto so deeply interesting to the Christian; – infused a new spirit into us

No. 1. Wilderness of Engaddi – Dead Sea and mountains of Arabia beyond. A

C-28297

Quickening our pace we rode by a Valley spotted with the black Tents of the Children of the Desert. – Their Tents formed the encampment of a tribe which had crossed the Jordan, a few days before, seeking refuge from the tyranny of the Conquerors, and only watching an opportunity for revenge.
We passed by them unquestioned merely returning the Salem Aleikom with which these bronzed Children of Ishmael greeted us

With a pleasure only known to the wearied traveller we alighted at the Convent, and as we put foot within the magnificent temple we felt as if we had entered another world so delightfully cool was the air we breathed
All our wants were attended to a well laden table was placed before us, and when the ravings of hunger [illegible] the

a good night's rest having refreshed our weary limbs, we sallied forth.
The Church built over the sacred Grotto, would have been a splendid building had it been completed, but it remains grand even in its unfinished state.
Forty two Columns of Corinthian order arranged along the sides of the Nave, which though deserted breathes into the solitary Visitor a strange unearthly feeling
The walls still glitter with Mosaic, & everything speaks of a past, replete with associations.

A feeling of respect, and awe pervades the pilgrim, as on descending the steps, he finds himself in holy ground in presence of the Stable the Manger, and the spot consecrated by the birth of Our Saviour.

Placing aside all that superstition and exalted imagination [illegible]

of the Children of the Desert. —
Their Tents formed the encampment of a tribe which had crossed the Jordan, a few days before, seeking refuge from the tyranny of the Conquerors, and only watching an opportunity for revenge. —
We passed by them unquestioned, merely returning the 'Salem Aleikom' with which these bronzed Children of Ishmael greeted us.

With a pleasure only known to the wearied traveller, we alighted at the Convent, and as we put foot within the magnificent temple, we felt as if we had entered another world, so delightfully cool was the air we breathed.
All our wants were attended to, a well laden table was placed before us, and when the cravings of hunger were appeased, the Monks came anxiously around greedy after news from their long left home as tales which to us appeared old were related. a ray of disappointment, or of joy was elicited by the greedy listener.

Hunger and thirst appeased and

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Placing aside all, that superstition, and exalted imagination have attached to the spot, there is something sweetly interesting in a visit to this Grotto: the marbled and silvered Walls bedecked with the simple tokens of the Christian pilgrim are little noticed by the eye of faith, the spot hallowed by

the birth of a Divine Redeemer, is that which is only seen, & which only interests.

Among the many who knell before this shrine, one struck the Spectator from his entire absorption, and the sense of deep veneration in which he appeared plunged; he was one who had seen, and travelled much, in his own words 'a poor & obscure pilgrim, he had come from the land of Godefroy de Boullon, to kneel amid the dust of the sorrowful Jerusalem.'

Having saluted the last remains of Thebes, of Memphis, of Tyre and Sidon, he was about to return to his father's hearth, with more cheerful thought, & a heart better prepared for the great journey to Heaven.'

But from these Holy associations Time - that stern Mentor, called us away.

When taking leave of the hospitable Convent, the good old Prior accompanied us to where our Horses stood, and ere parting, blessed us with a wish that our way through that land might prove safe & pleasant.

Leaving Bethlehem & visiting Solomon's Pools, David's Well, and Rachel's Tomb we alighted in the Wilderness of St John, where the hospitality of the Convent had followed us in the well stocked bags, and well filled flask of the golden wine of Lebanon.

We have travelled other times, and seen many places, but the reminiscences of Bethlehem linger fondly on our memory.

Hadj. (J.L.D.)

ARCTIC SKETCHES.

To the Editor of the 'Illustrated Arctic News.' —

My dear Mr Editor,

I cannot agree with your correspondent 'Observer', I have walked up the floe, and down the floe, & across it in every direction, and I beg to differ from him. The Sastruge will be found to vary as much as sixty or seventy degrees in the direction in which they point in very many places up the floe. - How it may be in Barrow's Straits, where probably there are no eddy winds, I cannot say, but 'Observer' has remarked, that we may when at a distance from the Ships, walk for them by means of the Snow drift around them, and to that I object - it may be the case here and there, but it is not an infallible guide.

I am aware that I have great odds to contend against, when we know that Baron Wrangel says much the same thing, but I do not think this floe can be compared to the 'Stony Tundras' - and besides the Inhabitants of those regions, from great experience, acquire the faculty of discriminating between the true & false Sastruge. Even Wrangel himself, when travelling with them, referred to his Compass, once an hour.

Through the medium of your

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ARCTIC SKETCHES.

Travelling Costumes

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Through the medium of your Columns, I would call the attention of 'Observer', to his too hastily written article.

Yours, &c

Jack Steadfast

Feb. 4 1851

WALK ALONG THE NORTH SHORE OF "EREBUS & TERROR BAY."

A report that Sledge tracks had been seen towards Caswell's Tower, a remarkable & detached piece of Table Land, some 20 miles East of Beechey Island induced myself & others to form a party to visit that neighbourhood

Landing on the North shore of what from common consent had been termed Union Bay, we struck to the Eastward, along a series of remarkable terraces, or ancient sea beaches, which already commenced to form so striking a feature in the Lime-stone Region into which the Expedition had now entered.

These elevated beaches, some as high as 200 feet above the Sea, were as distinctly marked as the present margin of the waters of Wellington Channel, & showed that whether the Sea had subsided, or the Land risen the form of the Basin had been essentially the same —

Standing on some elevated point, and looking down on these tidal marks it reminded one much of the regularity of an Amphitheatre, so singularly parallel to each other, were these beaches and the intermediate spaces varying from 8 to 50 feet.

Here and there the continuity was broken by some recent rush of water, or slip of detritus from the time worn hills over the multitudes of Fossils, which strewed the ground around us, and I candidly plead guilty to a recreant sight for the sunny lands of the South, on picking up a mass of fossil Coral which had once grown in these now frozen climes.

A freshening Autumnal gale, & threatening appearance left the imagination little time to indulge in what this Region might have been, for its sad reality of Snow, Ice, & Barreness, thrust itself painfully upon the mind's eye, and brought it back to the gross reality.

Surmounting a spur from the high lands of North Devon, which divides the Basin of Union Bay, from that of the "Erebus & Terror;" — We walked down to the Sea Beach, and having been joined by some friends from Beechey Island, who ran considerable risk in crossing the broken Ice that filled the hardly perceptible division, between the Island & the Main alternately availing ourselves of the Land or Floe which still filled the Bay, in which the lost Expedition had once rode — we made rapid progress to some low Land on the N.E. side of it

Robinson Crusoe's heart never throbbed with such varying emotions of hope

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Standing on some elevated point, and looking down on these tidal marks, it reminded one much of the regularity of an Amphitheatre, so singularly parallel to each other, were these beaches, and the intermediate spaces varying from 8 to 30 feet.

Here and there, the continuity was broken by some recent rush of water, or slip of detritus, from the time worn cliffs whose rent and frost bitten faces reminded me strongly of Humbolt's expression, that we were amongst the bones of an old world. –

An enthusiastic Geologist might have spent much time in philosophising

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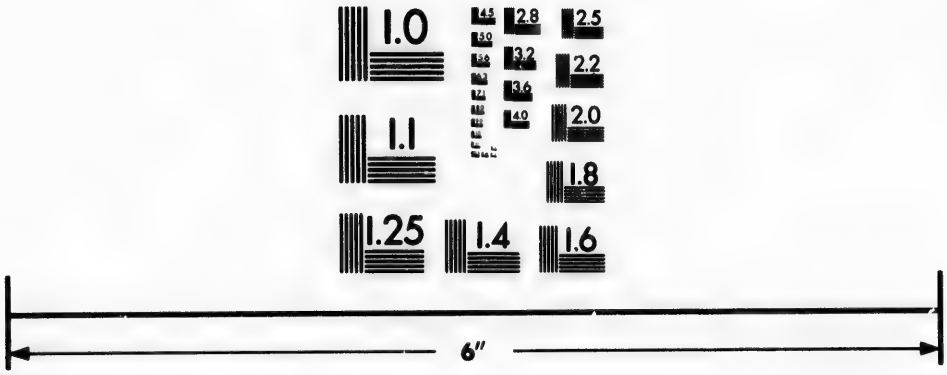
Robinson Crusoe's heart never throbbed with such varying emotions of hope & anxiety as mine did on scanning the numerous traces of our Countrymen having once been here. –

On arriving at a spot which had evidently been the spot on which Franklin's

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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people had been in the habit of landing after a transit over the frozen surface of the Bay. Several deep & well defined Sledge tracks, up & down the Beach, showed where nervous arms had dragged the heavily ladened Sledge over the ridge of Shingle, and then three diverging trails, pointed towards Cape Riley, a gorge in the Hills to the Northward, and lastly towards Caswell's Tower.

The first trail had of course been struck by our Squadron at its head, by the discovery of the Shooting Station at Cape Riley —

CAPE RILEY. (NORTH DEVON.)

C. F. Mc D.

FIRST TRACES OF MISSING EXPEDITION DISCOVERED.

The Northern trail I conjectured to be that of some shooting & exploring reached a series of small Lakes, and on the borders of one, where a slight rise in the land afforded a shelter against the bitter Northerly gales — an encampment had evidently been formed —

Stones which had been used to hold down the Tent remained in their original position — Cases in which preserved Meat had once been, were thrown about — a few bottles lay here and there — a few Bird bones — the Skin of an Arctic Hare, torn to pieces by Foxes — and a few Bird feathers, led us to conclude Sports-men had been here —

After carefully turning over every Stone, and strolling into the waters of the shallow lake to assure ourselves that no written clue as to Franklins whereabout was here to be found, we again took up the trail, and crossed several intervening spaces from the neighbouring Hills which

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CAPE RILEY, (NORTH DEVON)

C. F. McD.

FIRST TRACES OF MISSING EXPEDITION DISCOVERED.

The Northern trail I conjectured to be that of some shooting & exploring party in that direction.

Taking up the Eastern trail, which showed that two or more Sledges had gone in that direction, we soon thrown about – a few bottles lay here and there – a few Bird bones – the Skin of an Arctic Hare, torn to pieces by Foxes – and a few Bird feathers, led us to conclude Sports-men had been here. –

After carefully turning over every Stone, and strolling into the waters of the shallow lake to assure ourselves that no written clue as to Franklins whereabout was here to be found, we again took up the trail, and crossed several intervening spaces from the neighbouring Hills which the Travellers appeared to have dragged their Sledges over, the mark of the runner being as deep & distinct, as the day it was made. – We naturally inferred that

Franklin's people must have taken to the high ground to avoid the water on the plains & that their journey must have been accomplished after the Snows had for the most part thawed

From this difficult ground, the trail again descended to the plain, & here it became faint & uncertain — for the ground was nothing else but much broken limestone, without a vestige of Soil — and this again intersected in every possible direction by water-courses

The Snow drift and wind had meantime increased to a perfect gale — the temperature was below freezing point and the fast falling flakes of snow, had already begun to cover the Landscape in a universal mantle of white, and as the trail was soon lost, we decided on returning whilst we could yet see the road back.

A few Sand Snipe were running about the margin of a brook, and those beyond a solitary Seal or so, whose

the Examination of Caswell's Tower, plans which it fell to another's lot to fulfill. — We marched to our Wooden Homes as much in a straight line as possible, a decision which diversified our journey undoubtedly, but entailed much hard labour, for the ground was cut up into precipitous ravines in every direction, and what with sliding down the Glaciers on the one side, and scaling those on the other, we were heartily tired, and the hour was late by the time we reached the Ships. . . . . .

It was not until the spring of 1857, that the object Franklin's party had in travelling Eastward was ascertained by Mr Jno Stewart of the Lady Franklin who was despatched by Captn Penny for that purpose, & amongst many other interesting incidents connected with his journey, he discovered at the base of Caswell's Tower, two carefully constructed Cairns of a peculiar form, built opposite to each other, at the distance of a few yards — the deep anxiety with which Mr Stuart pulled down these memorials of Franklin's

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A few Sand Snipe were running about the margin of a brook, and these, beyond a solitary Seal or so, whose bait we had disturbed in the morning, were the only living things we had seen during the day. —

Rejecting plans to accomplish the hour was late by the time we reached the Ships. . . . . .

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S. O.

ROYAL ARCTIC CASINO.

The Manager has the honor to announce that this highly fashionable, and usually crowded resort, will be again shortly

thrown open

The Splendid Suite of Apartments are re decorated in the old Hyperborean style

at an

ENORMOUS OUTLAY,

OF TIME, TALENT, AND MATERIAL.

At the suggestion of an exalted personage of this realm, the Season will close with

A

GRAND FANCY DRESS BALL!!

On Wednesday, the 11th of February, 1851, for which Tickets will be issued in due season.

The M. C. guarantees that the Refreshments under the able catership of Madame Gough (from Gunter's) shall realize the most sanguine expectations and that the Wines, Liqueurs &c &c. shall be worthy of his distinguished Guests.

A

HIGHLY TALENTED BAND

Will Attend.

ROYAL ARCTIC THEATRE.

H. M. S. ASSISTANCE.

LAST NIGHT FOR THE SEASON!!

On Friday, the 28th February, 1851, being the Anniversary of Commissioning the Expedition, will be performed, the

GRAND HISTORICAL DRAMA

in Two Acts, of

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

Charles XII. — Lieut. Mecham

Adam Brock — Mr Ede

Maj. Vanberg (as Firman), — Capt. Ommanney

Gustavus de Mervelt — Mr Markham

Triptolemus Muddlewerk — J. J. Krabbe

Gen.l Duckert — Lieut. Cater

Col. Reichel — Mr May

Officers, Miss Richards and Shellabear

Eudiga — Mr McDougall — Ulrica, Mr Pearse

Act 1. — The scenes are laid in the Isl. of Rugen, Swedish Pomerania. Charles XII. incognito as an Officer of the Royal Household.

Act 2. Scenes in the Town of Stralsund, during a state of siege. Charles in propria personæ.

Entirely new scenery & dresses!!!

After which, Grand Phantasmagorial

MAGICAL FIGURES.

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N. B. Personages of distinction desiring to present addresses to the august M. C. must announce the same on furnishing their cards at the

Grand Entrance

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

Charles XII. ——— Lieut. Mecham
Adam Brock. Mr Ede.
Maj. Vanberg (as Firman). Capt. Ommanney.
Gustavus de Mervelt. Mr Markham.
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Entirely new scenery & dresses!!!

After which, Grand Phantasmagorial

MAGICAL FIGURES.

To conclude with

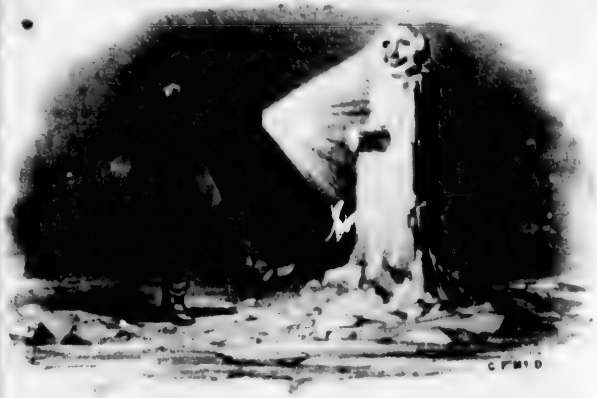
THE NEW PANTOMIME OF

ZERO!

Repeated by special desire, and prepared with unusual magnificence!

Doors open at 6 o'clock. ——— Commence at 6—30.

ARCTIC SKETCHES,



Returning from the Bal Masque.

The Resolute's second Ball.

Although the wind had somewhat subsided on the evening of the 12th of Feby, the weather was not such, as some young Ladies we know would have ventured out in the temperature being 24° with, to quote our Meteorological Journal, considerable snow drift, — knowing however that the young ladies of Griffith's Island were of somewhat masculine habits, in which by the bye they all arrived and that the Cake and Punch were great inducements, the preparations on the scale alluded to in the Bills were completed, nothing was forgotten not a nail too many was driven, all was perfection, even to the providing a tiring woman to settle the Ladies attire

It was not until 7 o Clock that the Ball Room was filled then indeed the fun grew fast & furious, tho' never exceeding the bounds of propriety

Notwithstanding that our resources were nearly expended, without a Costumier to fall back upon, we were happy to percive that [illegible] Ball Night was again displayed [illegible] really feel commiseration for them who have never seen an Arctic Naval Fancy Dress Ball —

By 10 30 P.M the visitors had left except the Officers of the Squadron for whom Supper &c had been provided by the [illegible] and Officers of H M S Resolute

A few Songs, and a Toast or two concluded one of the most agreeable evenings we have spent in the Arctic Regions

BEECHEY ISLAND.

By the kind assistance of our Friends we are able to add the following particulars: —

A small Cairn of [illegible] the Northern edge of the Table [illegible] Beechey Island about South from the [illegible] A Circular Tent mark close to [illegible] marked

The rough Sledge, of which we [illegible] sketch when first found was in the [illegible]

During the stay of the Resolute [illegible] Union Bay the neighbourhood [illegible] examined carefully, but beyond the fact of H M Ships Erebus & Terror having apparently wintered under Beechey Island in 1845 46 no farther traces were discovered than we have already stated

Events of the Month of February

[illegible]

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It was not until 7 o Clock that the Ball Room was filled then indeed the fun grew fast & furious, tho' never exceeding the bounds of propriety

Notwithstanding that our resources were nearly expended, without a Costumier to fall back upon, we were happy to perceive that there was no falling off in the Characters, which were numerous and well sustained. —
The same good taste in the choice of Costume, the same skill in all branches of Millinery that we had occasion to remark on a previous

---

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---

Events of the Month of February

The close of February and the first week of March 1851, are [illegible] interest, and mark a first [illegible] in the fast changing history of our ever [illegible] these Northern Regions

The arrival of the Sun on our heavens, was we may say commemorated by the Fancy Dress Ball of it we have elsewhere spoken. Hardly had our daylight extended itself to the length of ten hours, when Mr Hamilton & Dr Bradford with a Sledge & a party of Seamen performed a pedestrian feat by walking to the Expeditions.

Scene from the Pantomime of 'Kero'.

wintering under Cornwallis Island and we rejoiced to see them return with some of our gallant friends who kindly came over to pay us a visit & we heard with no small satisfaction that during the Winter all had been health & merriment in their little Society as well as our own.

The 'Assistance' had made arrangements to celebrate the anniversary of our Expedition having been put into commission by a performance on the boards of the Royal Arctic Theatre unhappily a very severe gale of wind prevented this their intention being carried into effect, and the performance as well as the closing

Scene from Charles XII.

Not small are the obligations which the non performers labour under to the many individuals who have in such diverse manners tended to the general amusement Managers, Actors, Painters, Prompters, and Scene Shifters, &c &c.

'Nobly each & all their means have used' as the neat Epilogue truthfully says and the result has been a Theatre unequalled in excellence by any Squadron, & reflecting no small credit on the 'Assistance's' in general especially when it be remembered that the performances have taken place on the Upper Deck with the external temperature as low as 30° below Zero.

The Original Pantomime of Zero was again performed, and had been evidently much improved. A new Song or two was introduced & the indefatigable Mr Dean astonished the Audience by his clever imitation of a Bear & a Fox.

A witty & highly diverting explanation of the figures exhibited by a Magic Lanthorn and [illegible]

Managers Actors Painters &

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On that Evening a crowded house proved how unabated was the interest felt in a Stage which has been a source of great amusement throughout the Squadron

Managers, Actors, Painters, Prompters & Scene Shifters, &c &c.

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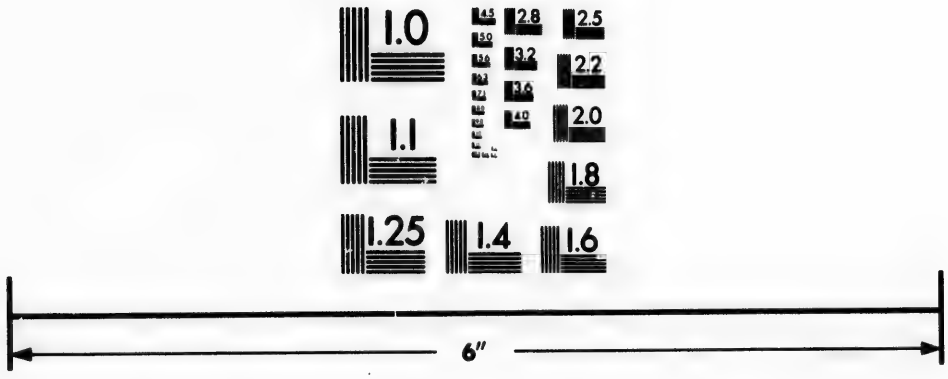
A witty & highly diverting explanation of the figures exhibited by a Magic Lanthorn next followed in rapid succession, and as the Family Herald would say 'we were constantly thrown into a sweet agony of joy & sorrow,' by the sudden transition from the burning of Hindoo Widows, to the bombardment of Jean d'Acre

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

The pretty drama of Charles the 12th with the following Cast of Characters:—

Charles XII,	Lt Mecham
Major Vauberg,	Captn Ommanney
Adam Brock,	Mr Ede
Ptolemus Muddlework	Mr Keable
Gustavus de Mervelt,	Mr Markham
Colonel Reichil,	Mr May
General Duckert,	Lt Cator
Officers,	Messrs Richards & Shellabear
Women { Eudiga	Mr McDougall
Women { Ulrica	Mr Pearse

closed the Evenings entertainment.— From the Royal Swede to the Officer of the Guard, all the parts were admirably sustained. Adam Brock was as like the original as the imagination could picture it, and the worthy Burgomaster kept the Company in roars of laughter. Freman looked the picture of conscious innocence, and appeared fully alive to the fact that altho innocent, he might yet be drawn & quartered for Royal pleasure or Stage effect.

Oh! for a Rowquill to tell of the fascinating performance of Eudiga & Ulrica. Englands fair daughters would have had no reason to blush, could they have seen the truthful representation of the loves of Ulrica & Gustavus de Mervelt, or Eudiga & Colnl Reichel.

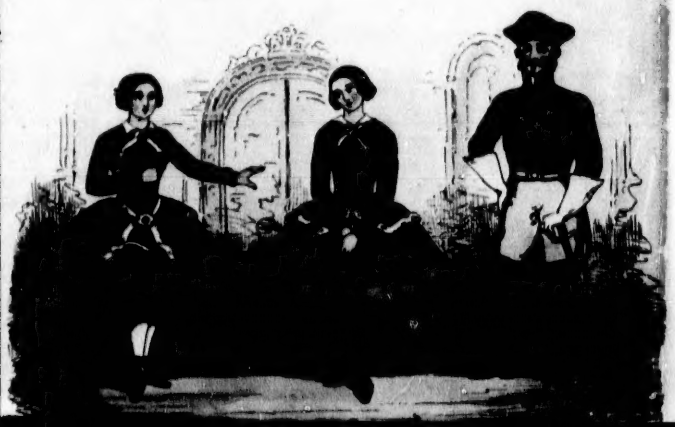
Where the young ladies could possibly have acquired the subtle knowledge they displayed in the woeful intricacy of female attire, we know not, suffice it, that not a point was missing.— As a finale the Manager delivered,

The following Epilogue.

That those so near, could not with us unite;
And in this mimic world, the hours beguile,
Where all must feel the want of woman's smile.
But now its o'er, the flow'r of day expands,
And greedy time new sacrifice demands.
The strength of youth, the wisdom of the sage,
Must soon appear upon life's boundless stage.
Amusement then to duty will give place,
And lines of thought will mark the anxious face.
In merriment & fun we've joined together,
Defying cold & every change of weather.
Nobly each and all their means have used,
First the Amusers, then in turn the Amused,
In health & happiness the time has fled,
And bright success on all its rays has shed.
That our neat efforts may as well succeed,
Is the great wish in which we're all agreed.

The Curtain then dropped amidst the loud cheers of a delighted audience, and thus concluded the performances of the Royal Arctic Theatre. A Supper & Refreshment, were as usual hospitably provided by the 'Jolly Assistances', to which right good justice was done and by

Scene from Charles XII.



imagination could picture it, and the worthy Burgomaster kept the Company in roars of laughter. Freman looked the picture of conscious innocence, and appeared fully alive to the fact that altho innocent, he might yet be drawn & quartered for Royal pleasure or Stage effect.

Oh! for a Crowquill to tell of the fascinating performance of Eudiga & Ulrica. England's fair daughters would have had no reason to blush, could they have seen the truthful representation of the loves of Ulrica & Gustavus de Mervelt, or Eudiga & Colnl Reichel.

Where the young ladies could possibly have acquired the subtle knowledge they displayed in the woeful intricacy of female attire, we know not, suffice it that not a point was missing. — As a finale the Manager delivered,

The following Epilogue,
from the pen of Mr. Ede. —

When first this Curtain rose, we strove to say,
All our success in your applause would lay.
Thus trusting we have tried, & not in vain,
To hear your laughter o'er & o'er again.
One sole regret we had, until to night,
In health & happiness the time has fled,
And bright success on all, its rays has shed.
That our next efforts may as well succeed,
Is the great wish in which we're all agreed.

The Curtain then dropped amidst the loud cheers of a delighted audience, and thus concluded the performances of the Royal Arctic Theatre. A Supper & Refreshment, were as usual hospitably provided by the 'Jolly Assistances', to which right good justice was done and by

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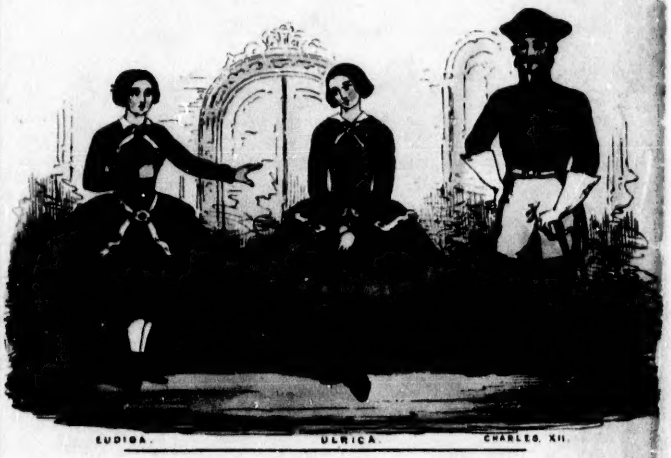

Midnight the time consuming gaities of our Arctic Winter had passed away and we rose on the morrow, to look forward and prepare for the great & glorious labour before us.

To the Editor of the I. A. N.

Ser,

That Advertisement about the wentilation in your last number amused me and my Messmates werry much.

Ive been a studyin' that ere interestin' subject ever since, to see if I couldn't get the prize but I can't make nothin' of it.

Some people says that the fresh air should be supplied from the top, & others that it should be let in from the bottom — Some says that the valve of Silwester should be nearly closed always, whilst some says we shall be choked if it ain't kept quite open.

I heard some of our Officers say that that Blackguard Mr Zero was found in their Mess place, the other morning. What a sight of valves they must have there! How werry fond they must be of wentilation!! — I heard tell the other day too, that temperatur ain't got nothin to do with wentilation, & yet our Officers never considers the Gun room properly wentilated unless they has icicles hangeng to their noses, as they takes their forty winks in their Easy Chairs about our dinner time.

I never goes a nigh the Gun room door, myself more nor I can help, & then I takes good care to have my Mitts & Monkey Jacket on.

Whenever I does take a peep in the door, there I sees the wentilation a streamin' down on the Table thro' the two valves, for all the world like Steam from a pair of high pressure boilers, and well nigh blowin' out the Candles.

And then you'll see one gen'leman stove, declarin' all the time that wentilation's all bosh, & that they get quite enough of it during the four hours they'm obliged to be out on the ice every day.

Praps we shall have a heavy article about it in the 'Rory Bory',* in which hope I shall for the present bide quiet.

Yours to command,

Joe Muggins.

P.S. — I expects some on 'em will come out strong on wentilation next Ship.

* Our Cotemparary — 'The Aurora Borealis'. (Ed.)

SONGS OF THE NORTH.

Dedicated to Mr Austin,
By the Authors.

No 3 — Song of the Sledge
AIR. — 'I'm Afloat'.

We're away! We're away! on the bleak frozen Sea,
When glory's ahead, none so fearless as we;
Danger's our birthright, we have scorned it before,
When friends need our help, we'll dare it the more
No home but our Tent, our bed the cold snow;
Is not Heaven above us, wherever we go;
A fig for all hardship, we'll strive all the more
Across the wide floe, & along the lone shore;
Our Shipmates last cheer, bore the sound of success
Our efforts, the prayers of the Mourner will bless,
Step out my, brave hearts, who so dauntless as we,
We're away! We're away! on the bleak frozen Sea

Hark! Save or we perish is borne on the gale
When such is their need, is there one that would fail
No! shoulder to shoulder, we'll search the dark West
And smile at all toil, & ask not for rest,

guard Mr Zero was found in their Mess place, the other morning. What a sight of walves they must have there! How wery fond they must be of wentilation!! – I heerd tell the other day too, that temperatur ain't got nothin' to do with wentilation, & yet our Officers never considers the Gun room properly wentilated unless they has icicles hanging to their noses, as they takes their forty winks in their Easy Chairs about our dinner time.

I never goes a nigh the Gun-room door, myself more nor I can help, & then I takes good care to have my Mitts & Monkey Jacket on.

Whenever I does take a peep in the door, there I sees the wentilation a streamin' down on the Table thro' the two walves, for all the world like Steam from a pair of high pressure boilers, and well nigh blowin' out the Candles.

And then you'll see one gen'leman walking up & down buttoned up to the throat, with his fur Cap down over his forehead, his Comforter round all, and his hands in his beckets swearin' they'll all die of scurvy if they don't wentilate.

Another sets at the table with his pen in his mouth, rubbin' his hands like mad, while his Ink is undergoin' a thawin' process on the

No. 3 – Song of the Sledge

Air. – 'I'm Afloat'.

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Hark! Save or we perish – is borne on the gale;
When such is their need, is there one that would fail
No! shoulder to shoulder, we'll search the dark West
And smile at all toil, & ask not for rest,
Till we grasp by the hand our Countrymen dear,
And o'er the Soul that has sped, drop a Sailor's sad tear
Yes! the Ice it may rend, the Snow Storm may rage
We Seamen, with both, a struggle can wage
Our duty says Onward!! & Onward we'll go,
And abide His behest, for weal or for woe.
Step out &c.

SO.

FINIS.